THE EMPEROR OF THE MOON: A FARCE.

As it is Acted by Their

Majesties Servants,

AT THE

QUEENS THEATRE.

Written by Mrs. *A. Behn.*

The second Edition.

LONDON,

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Tr. R.
B419E

TO THE
Lord Marquefs
OF
VVORCESTER, &c.

MY LORD,

IT is a common Notion, that gathers as it goes, and is almoſt become a vulgar Error, That Dedications in our Age, are only the effects of Flattery, a form of Compliment, and no more; ſo that the Great, to whom they are only due, decline thoſe Noble Patronages that were ſo generally allow'd the Ancient Poets; ſince the Awful Cuſtom has been ſo ſcandaliz'd by miſtaken Addreſſes, and many a worthy Piece is loſt for want of ſome Honourable Protection, and ſometimes many indifferent ones traverſe the World with that advantageous Paſſport only.

This humble Offering, which I preſume to lay at your Lordſhips Feet, is of that Critical Nature, that it does not only require the Patronage of a great Title, but of a great Man too, and there is often times a vaſt difference between thoſe two great Things; and amongſt all the moſt Elevated, there are but very few in whom an Illuſtrious Birth and equal Parts compleat the Hero; but among thoſe, your Lordſhip bears the firſt Rank, from a juſt Claim, both of the Glories of your Race and Vertues. Nor need we look back into long paſt Ages, to bring down to ours the Magnanimous deeds of your Anceſtors: We need no more than to behold (what we have ſo often done with wonder) thoſe of the Great Duke of Beauford, *your Illuſtrious Father, whoſe every ſingle Action is a glorious and laſting Preſident to all the future Great ones; whoſe unſhaken Loyalty, and all other eminent Vertues, have rendred him to us, ſomething more than Man, and which alone, deſerving a whole Volume, wou'd be here but to leſſen his Fame, to mix his Grandeurs with*

 thoſe

thoſe of any other; and while I am addreſſing to the Son, who is only worthy of that Noble Blood he boaſts, and who gives the World a Proſpect of thoſe coming Gallantries that will Equal thoſe of his Glorious Father; already, My Lord, all you ſay and do is admir'd, and every touch of your Pen reverenc'd; the Excellency and Quickneſs of your Wit, is the Subject that fills the World moſt agreeably. For my own part, I never preſume to contemplate your Lordſhip, but my Soul bows with a perfect Veneration to your mighty Mind; and while I have ador'd the delicate effects of your uncommon Wit, I have wiſh'd for nothing more than an Opportunity of expreſſing my infinite Senſe of it; and this Ambition, my Lord, was one Motive of my preſent Preſumption, in the Dedicating this Farce to your Lordſhip.

I am ſenſible, my Lord, how far the Word Farce might have offended ſome, whoſe Titles of Honour, a Knack in dreſſing, or his Art in writing a Billet Deux, had been his chiefeſt Talent, and who, without conſidering the Intent, Character, or Nature of the thing, wou'd have cry'd out upon the Language, and have damn'd it (becauſe the Perſons in it did not all talk like Hero's) as too debas'd and vulgar to entertain a Man of Quality; but I am ſecure from this Cenſure, when your Lordſhip ſhall be its Judge, whoſe refin'd Sence, and Delicacy of Judgment, will, thro' all the humble Actions and trivialneſs of Buſineſs, find Nature there, and that Diverſion which was not meant for the Numbers, who comprehend nothing beyond the Show and Buffoonry.

A very barren and thin hint of the Plot I had from the Italian, and which, even as it was, was acted in France *eighty odd times without intermiſſion. 'Tis now much alter'd, and adapted to our Engliſh Theatre and Genius, who cannot find an Entertainment at ſo cheap a Rate as the French will, who are content with almoſt any Incoherences, howſoever ſhuffled together under the Name of a Farce; which I have endeavour'd as much as the thing wou'd bear, to bring within the compaſs of Poſſibility and Nature, that I might as little impoſe upon the Audience as I cou'd; all the Words are wholly new, without one from the Original. 'Twas calculated for His late Majeſty of Sacred Memory, that Great Patron of Noble*

Poetry,

Poetry, and the Stage, for whom the Muſes muſt for ever mourn, and whoſe Loſs, only the Bleſſing of ſo Illuſtrious a Succeſſor can ever repair; and 'tis a great Pity to ſee that beſt and moſt uſeful diverſion of Mankind, whoſe Magnificence of old was the moſt certain ſign of a flouriſhing State, now quite undone by the Miſapprehenſion of the Ignorant, and Miſrepreſentings of the Envious, which evidently ſhows the World is improv'd in nothing but Pride, Ill Nature, and affected Nicety; and the only diverſion of the Town now, is high Diſpute, and publick Controverſies in Taverns, Coffee-houſes, &c. and thoſe things which ought to be the greateſt Myſteries in Religion, and ſo rarely the Buſineſs of Diſcourſe, are turn'd into Ridicule, and look but like ſo many fanatical Stratagems to ruine the Pulpit as well as the Stage. The Defence of the firſt is left to the Reverend Gown, but the departing Stage can be no otherwiſe reſtor'd, but by ſome leading Spirits ſo Generous, ſo Publick, and ſo Indefatigable as that of your Lordſhip, whoſe Patronages are ſufficient to ſupport it, whoſe Wit and Judgment to defend it, and whoſe Goodneſs and Quality to juſtifie it; ſuch Encouragement wou'd inſpire the Poets with new Arts to pleaſe, and the Actors with Induſtry. 'Twas this that occaſion'd ſo many Admirable Plays heretofore, as Shakeſpear's, Fletcher's, *and* Johnſon's, *and 'twas this alone that made the Town able to keep ſo many Play-houſes alive, who now cannot ſupply one. However, my Lord, I, for my part, will no longer complain, if this Piece find but favour in your Lordſhip's Eyes, and that it be ſo happy to give your Lordſhip one ours Diverſion, which is the only Honour and Fame is wiſh'd to crown all the Endeavours of,*

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt humble, and

Moſt Obedient

Servant

A. Behn.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. *Fevern.*

LOng, and at vaſt Expence the induſtrious Stage
Has ſtrove to pleaſe a dull ungrateful Age:
With Hero's and with Gods we firſt began,
And thunder'd to you in Heroick Strain.
Some dying Love-ſick Queen each Night you injoy'd,
And with Magnificence, at laſt were cloy'd:
Our Drums and Trumpets frighted all the Women;
Our fighting ſcar'd the *Beaux* and *Billet Deux* Men.
"So Spark in an Intrigue of Quality;
"Grows weary of his ſplendid Drudgery;
Hates the Fatigue, and cries a Pox upon her,
What a damn'd buſtle's here with Love and Honour?
In humbler Comedy, we next appear,
No Fop or Cuckold, but ſlap-dash we had him here;
We ſhow'd you all, but you malicious grown,
Friends Vices to expoſe, and hide your own;
Cry, Damn it——This is ſuch or ſuch a one.
Yet netled, Plague, What do's the Scribler mean,
With his damn'd Characters, and Plot obſcene?
No Woman without Vizard in the Nation,
Can ſee it twice, and keep her Reputation——that's certain
Forgetting——
That he himſelf, in every groſs Lampoon,
Her lewder Secrets ſpreads about the Town;
Whilſt their feign'd Niceneſs is but cautious Fear,
Their own Intrigues ſhou'd be unravel'd here.
Our next Recourſe was dwindling down to Farce,
Then—'Zounds, what Stuff's here? 'tis all o'er my——
Well, Gentlemen, ſince none of theſe has ſped,
'Gad, we have bought a ſhare i'th ſpeaking Head.
So there you'll ſave a Sice,
You love Good Husbandry in all but Vice;
Whoring and Drinking, only bears a Price.

The Head riſes upon a twiſted Poſt, on a Bench, from under the Stage. After Jevern *ſpeaks to its Mouth.*

Oh!——Oh!——Oh!
Stentor Oh!——Oh!——Oh!

After this it ſings Sawny, *Laughs, cryes, God bleſs the King in order.*

Stentor Anſwers. Speak lowder *Jevern*, if you'd have me repeat;
Plague of this Rogue, he will betray the Cheat.

He ſpeaks lowder, it anſwers indirectly.

——Hum——There 'tis again,
Pox of your Echo with a Northern Strain.
Well,—— This will be but a nine days wonder too;
There's nothing laſting but the Puppets Show.
What Ladies heart ſo hard, but it wou'd move,
To hear *Philander* and *Irene*'s Love?
Thoſe Siſters too, the ſcandalous Wits do ſay,
Two nameleſs, keeping *Beaux*, have made ſo gay;
But thoſe Amours are perfect Sympathy,
Their Gallants being as meer Machines as they.
Oh! how the City Wife, with her noon Ninny,
Is charm'd with, Come into my Coach——Mis *Jinny*, Mis *Jinny*.
But overturning——*Exible* crys——Adznigs,
The jogling Rogue has murther'd all his Kids.
The Men of War cry Pox on't, this is dull,
We are for rough Sports,—— Dog Hector, and the Bull.
Thus each in his degree, Diverſion finds,
Your ſports are ſuited to your mighty Minds;
Whilſt ſo much Judgment in your Choice you ſhow,
The Puppets have more Sence than ſome of you.

PER-

Perſons Names.

Doctor Baliardo.	Mr. *Underhil.*
Scaramouch, *his Man.*	Mr. *Lee.*
Pedro, *his Boy.*	
Don Cinthio, Don Charmante, *both Nephews to the Vice-Roy, and Lovers of* Elaria *and* Bellemante.	Young Mr. *Powel.* / Mr. *Mumford.*
Harlequin, Cinthio's *Man.*	Mr. *Jevern.*
Officer and Clark	
Elaria, *Daughter to the* Doctor.	Mrs. *Cooke.*
Bellemante, *Niece to the* Doctor.	Mrs. *Mumford.*
Mopſophil *Governante to the young Ladies.*	Mrs. *Cory.*

The Perſons in the Moon, are Don Cinthio, *Emperor;* Don Charmante, *Prince of* Thunderland.
Their Attendants, Perſons that repreſent the Court Cards.
Kepler *and* Galileus, *two Philoſophers.*
Twelve Perſons repreſenting the Figures of the twelve Signs of the Zodiack.
Negroes, and Perſons that Dance.
Muſick, Kettle-Drums, and Trumpets.

The SCENE, NAPLES.

FARCE.

FARCE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Chamber.

Enter Elaria *and* Mopſophil.

I.

A Curſe upon that faithleſs Maid,
Who firſt her Sexes Liberty betray'd;
Born free as Man to Love and Range,
Till Nobler Nature did to Cuſtom change:
Cuſtom, that dull excuſe for fools,
Who think all Vertue to conſiſt in Rules.

II.

From Love our Fetters never ſprung,
That ſmiling God, all Wanton, Gay and young,
Shows by his Wings he cannot be
Confined to a reſtleſs Slavery;
But here and there at random roves,
Not fixt to glittering Courts or ſhady Groves.

III.

Then ſhe that Conſtancy Profeſt,
Was but a well diſſembler at the beſt;
And that imaginary ſway
She feigned to give, in ſeeming to obey,

Was but the Height of Prudent Art,
To deal with greater Liberty her Heart.

[*After the Song* Elaria *gives her Lute to* Mopsophil.

Ela. This does not divert me:
Nor nothing will, till *Scaramouch* return,
And bring me News of *Cinthio*.

Mop. Truly I was so sleepy last Night, I know nothing of the adventure, for which you are kept so close a Prisoner to Day, and more strictly guarded than usual.

Ela. Cinthio came with Musick last Night under my Window, which my Father hearing sallyed out with his *Mirmidons* upon him; and clashing of Swords I heard, but what hurt was done, or whether *Cinthio* were discovered to him, I know not; but the Billet I sent him now by *Scaramouch*, will occasion me soon intelligence.

Mop. And see Madam where your trusty *Roger* comes.

Enter Scaramouch *peeping on all sides before he enters.*

——— You may advance, and fear none but your Friends.

Scar. Away and keep the door.

Ela. Oh dear *Scaramouch*! hast thou been at the Vice-Roy's?

Scar. Yes, yes. ——— [*In heat.*

Ela. And hast thou deliver'd my Letter to his Nephew Don *Cinthio*?

Scar. Yes, Yes, what should I deliver else?

Ela. Well—and how does he?

[*Fanning himself with his Cap.*

Scar. Lord, how shou'd he do? Why, what a Laborious thing it is to be a Pimp?

Ela. Why, well he shou'd do.

Scar. So he is, as well as a Night adventuring Lover can be, ——he has got but one wound, Madam.

Ela. How! wounded say you? Oh Heavens! 'Tis not Mortal?

Scar. Why I have no great skill, ——— but they say it may be Dangerous.

Ela. I Die with fear; where is he wounded?

Scar. Why, Madam, he is run —— quite thorough the ——— heart, ——— but the Man may Live, if I please.

Ela. Thou please! Torment me not with Riddles.

Scar. Why Madam, there is a certain cordial Balsam, called a fair Lady; which outwardly applyed to his Bosom, will prove a better cure than all your Weapon-Salve, or Sympathetick Powder, meaning your Ladyship.

Ela. Is *Cinthio* then not wounded?

Scar.

Scar. No otherwiſe than by your fair Eyes, Madam; he got away unſeen and unknown.

Ela. Doſt know how precious time is, and doſt thou Fool it away thus? what ſaid he to my Letter?

Scar. What ſhould he ſay?

Ela. Why a hundred dear, ſoft things of Love, kiſs it as often, and bleſs me for my goodneſs.

Scar. Why ſo he did.

Ela. Ask thee a thouſand queſtions of my health after my laſt nights fright.

Scar. So he did.

Ela. Expreſſing all the kind concern Love cou'd inſpire, for the puniſhment my Father has inflicted on me, for entertaining him at my Window laſt Night.

Scar. All this he did.

Ela. And for my being confin'd a Priſoner to my Apartment, without the hope or almoſt poſſibility of ſeeing him any more.

Scar. There I think you are a little miſtaken, for beſides the Plot that I have laid to bring you together all this Night, ——— there are ſuch Stratagems a brewing, not only to bring you together, but with your Fathers conſent too; Such a Plot, Madam.

Ela. Ay that wou'd be worthy of thy Brain; prethee what ———

Scar. Such a device!

Ela. I'm impatient.

Scar. Such a Conundrum, ——— well if there be wiſe Men and Conjurers in the World, they are intriguing Lovers.

Ela. Out with it.

Scar. You muſt know, Madam, your Father, (my Maſter the Doctor,) is a little Whimſical, Romantick, or Don Quick-ſottiſh, or ſo,———

Ela. Or rather Mad.

Scar. That were uncivil to be ſuppoſed by me; but Lunatick we may call him without breaking the Decorum of good Manners; for he is always travelling to the Moon.

Ela. And ſo Religiouſly believes there is a World there, that he diſcourſes as gravely of the People, their Government, Inſtitutions, Laws, Manners, Religion and Conſtitution, as if he had been bred a *Machiavel* there.

Scar. How came he thus infected firſt?

Ela. With reading fooliſh Books, *Lucian*'s *Dialogue of Icaromenippus*, who flew up to the Moon, and thence to Heaven; an Heroick buſineſs called, *The Man in the Moon*, if you'll believe a *Spaniard*, who was carried thither, upon an Engine drawn by wild Geeſe; with another Philoſophical Piece, *A Diſcourſe of the World in the*

Moon; with a thousand other ridiculous Volumes too hard to name.

Scar. Ay, this reading of Books is a pernicious thing. I was like to have run Mad once, reading Sir *John Mandivel*; ——— but to the business, ——— I went, as you know, to Don *Cinthio's* Lodgings, where I found him with his dear Friend *Charmante*, laying their heads together for a Farce.

Ela. A Farce. ———

Scar. Ay a Farce, which shall be called, ——— *the World in the Moon.* Wherein your Father shall be so impos'd on, as shall bring matters most magnificently about. ———

Ela. I cannot conceive thee, but the design must be good since *Cinthio* and *Charmante* own it.

Scar. In order to this, *Charmante* is dressing himself like one of the Caballists of the *Rosicrucian* Order, and is coming to prepare my credulous Master for the greater imposition. I have his trinkets here to play upon him, which shall be ready.

Ela. But the Farce, where is it to be Acted?

Scar. Here, here, in this very House; I am to order the Decoration, adorn a Stage, and place Scenes proper.

Ela. How can this be done without my Father's knowledge?

Scar. You know the old Apartment next the great Orchard, and the Worm-eaten Gallery, that opens to the River; which place for several years no body has frequented, there all things shall be Acted proper for our purpose.

Enter Mopsa *running.*

Mopsa. Run, Run, *Scaramouch*, my Masters Conjuring for you like Mad below, he calls up all his little Devils with horrid Names, his *Microscope*, his *Horoscope*, his *Telescope*, and all his *Scopes.*

Scar. Here, here, ——— I had almost forgot the Letters; here's one for you, and one for Mrs. *Bellemante.*

[*runs out.*

Enter Bellemente *with a Book.*

Bell. Here, take my Prayer Book, Oh *Marrois charé.*

[*Embraces her.*

Ela. Thy Eyes are always laughing, *Bellemante.*

Bel. And so would yours had they been so well imployed as mine, this Morning. I have been at the Chapel, and seen so many Beaus, such a Number of Plumees, I cou'd not tell which I shou'd look on most; sometimes my heart was charm'd with the

gay

gay Hopping, then with the Melancholy Nolt, [illegible] the amiable brunet, sometimes the bashful, then again the bold; the little now, anon the lovely tall! In fine, my Dear, I was embaras'd on all sides, I did nothing but deal my heart *tout au tour*.

Ela. Oh there was then no danger, Cousin.

Bel. No, but abundance of Pleasure.

Ela. Why, this is better than sighing for *Charmante*.

Bel. That's when he's present only, and makes his Court to me; I can sigh to a Lover, but will never sigh after him, ——— but Oh the Beaus, the Beaus, Cousin that I saw at Church.

Ela. Oh you had great Devotion to Heaven then!

Bel. And so I had; for I did nothing but admire its handywork, but I cou'd not have pray'd heartily if I had been dying; but a deuce on't, who shou'd come in and spoil all but my Lover *Charmante*, so dress't, so Gallant, that he drew together all the scatter'd fragments of my heart, confin'd my wandering thoughts, and fixt 'em all on him; Oh how he look'd, how he was dress'd!

Sings.

Chevalier, a Chevaux Blond,
Plus de Mouche, Plus de Powdre.
Pleus de Ribbons et Cannous.

——Oh what a dear ravishing thing is the beginning of an Amour?

Ela. Thou'rt still in Tune, when wilt thou be tame, *Bellemante*?

Bel. When I am weary of Loving, *Elaria*.

Ela. To keep up your Humor, here's a Letter from your *Charmante*.

Bel. reads. MAlicious Creature, when wilt thou cease to torment me, and either appear less charming or more kind. I languish when from you, and am wounded when I see you, and yet I am eternally Courting my Pain. Cinthio and I are contriving how we shall see you to Night. Let us not toil in vain; we ask but your consent; the pleasure will be all ours; 'tis therefore fit we suffer all the fatigue. Grant this, and Love me, if you will save the Life of

Your *Charmante*.

——Live then *Charmante*! Live as long as Love can last!

Ela. Well, Cousin, *Scaramouch* tells me of rare designs a hatching, to relieve us from this Captivity; here are we mew'd up to be espous'd to two Moon-calfs for ought I know; for the Devil of any Humane thing is suffer'd to come near us, without our Governante and Keeper, Mr. *Scaramouch*.

Bel.

Bel. Who, [illegible] had no more Honesty, and Conscience, than my Unkle, won'd let us pine for want of Lovers; but Heaven be prais'd, the Generosity of our Cavaliers has open'd their obdurate Hearts with a Golden key, that let's 'em in at all opportunities. Come, come, let's in, and answer their Billet Deux. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Garden.*

Enter Doctor, *with all manner of Mathematical Instruments, hanging at his Girdle*; Scaramouch *bearing a Telescope twenty (or more) Foot long.*

Doct. SET down the Telescope —— Let me see, what Hour is it?

Sca. About six a Clock, Sir.

Doct. Then 'tis about the Hour, that the great Monarch of the upper World enters into his Closet; Mount, mount the Telescope.

Scar. What to do, Sir?

Doct. I understand, of certain moments Critical, one may be snatch'd of such a mighty consequence to let the sight into the secret Closet.

Scar. How, Sir, Peep into the Kings Closet; under favour, Sir, that will be something uncivil.

Doct. Uncivil, it were flat Treason if it shou'd be known, but thus unseen, and as wise Politicians shou'd, I take Survey of all: This is the States-man's peeping hole, thorow which he Steals the secrets of his King, and seems to wink at distance.

Scar. The very key-hole, Sir, thorow with which half an Eye, he sees him even at his Devotion, Sir.

[*A knocking at the Garden Gate.*

Doct. Take care none enter —— [Scar. *goes to the Door.*

Scar. Oh, Sir, Sir, here's some strange great Man come to wait on you.

Doct. Great Man! from whence?

Scar. Nay, from the Moon World, for ought I know, for he looks not like the People of the lower Orb.

Doct. Ha! and that may be; wait on him in. [*Ex.* Scar.

Enter Scaramouch *bare, bowing before* Charmante, *dress'd in a strange Fantastical Habit, with* Harlequin: *Salutes the Doctor.*

Char. Doctor *Balthazar*, most learned Sir, all Hail; Hail from the great Caballa —— of *Europia.*

Doct.

Doct. Most Reverend *Bard*, thrice welcome ——— *Salutes him low.*

Char. The Fame of your great Learning, Sir, and Vertue, is known with Joy to the renown'd Society.

Doct. Fame, Sir, has done me too much Honour, to bear my Name to the renown'd *Caballa*.

Char. You must not attribute it all to Fame, Sir, they are too learned and wise to take up things from Fame, Sir; our intelligence is by ways more secret and sublime, the Stars, and little Dæmons of the Air inform us all things, past, present, and to come.

Doct. I must confess the Count of *Gabalist*, renders it plain, from Writ Divine and Humane, there are such friendly and intelligent Dæmons.

Char. I hope you do not doubt that Doctrine, Sir, which holds that the Four Elements are Peopl'd with Persons of a Form and Species more Divine than Vulgar Mortals ——— those of the fiery Regions we call the *Salamanders*, they beget Kings and *Heroes*, with Spirits like their Deietical Sires; the lovely Inhabitants of the Water, we call Nymphs. Those of the Earth are Gnomes or Fayries. Those of the Air are Silfs. These, Sir, when in Conjunction with Mortals, beget Immortal Races. Such as the first born Man, which had continu'd so, had the first Man ne'er doated on a Woman.

Doct. I am of that opinion, Sir, Man was not made for Woman.

Char. Most certain, Sir, Man was to have been Immortaliz'd by the Love and Conversation of these Charming Silfs and Nymphs, and Woman by the Gnomes and Salamanders, and to have stock'd the World with Demy-Gods, such as at this Day inhabit the Empire of the *Moon*.

Doct. Most admirable Philosophy and Reason. ——But do these Silfs and Nymphs appear in shapes?

Char. Of the most Beautiful of all the Sons and Daughters of the *Universe*: Imagination it self, Imagination is not half so Charming: and then so soft, so kind! but none but the *Caballa* and their Families are blest with their Divine Addresses. Were you but once admitted into that Society. ——

Doct. Ay, Sir, what Vertues or what Merits can accomplish me for that great Honour?

Char. An absolute abstinence from carnal thought, devout and pure of Spirit; free from Sin.

Doct. I dare not boast my Vertues, Sir; Is there no way to try my Purity?

Char. Are you very secret.

Doct. 'Tis my first Principle, Sir ———

Char. And one, the most material in our *Rosicrucian* order.

Char.

Char. Please you to make a Trial.

Doct. As how, Sir, I beseech you?——

Char. If you be throughly purg'd from Vice, the opticks of your sight will be so illuminated, that glancing through this *Telescope*, you may behold one of those lovely Creatures, that people the vast Region of the Air.

Doct. Sir, you oblige profoundly.

Char. Kneel then, and try your strength of Vertue, Sir.—— Keep your Eye fixt and open.

[*He looks in the* Telescope.

[*While he is looking,* Charmante *goes to the Door to* Scaramouch, *who waited on purpose without, and takes a Glass with a Picture of a* Nymph *on it, and a light behind it, that as he brings it, shows to the Audience. Goes to the end of the* Telescope.

——Can you discern, Sir?

Doct. Methinks I see a kind of Glorious Cloud drawn up——and now——'tis gone again.

Char. Saw you no figure?

Doct. None.

Char. Then make a short Prayer to *Alikin*, the Spirit of the East; shake off all Earthly thoughts, and look again.

[*He prays.* Charmante *puts the Glass into the Mouth of the* Telescope.

Doct. ——Astonisht, Ravisht with delight, I see a Beauty young and Angel like, leaning upon a Cloud.——

Char. Seems she on a Bed, then she's reposing, and you must not gaze——

Doct. Now a Cloud Veils her from me.

Char. She saw you peeping then, and drew the Curtain of the Air between.

Doct. I am all Rapture, Sir, at this rare Vision—— Is't possible Sir, that I may ever hope the Conversation of so Divine a Beauty?

Char. Most possible, Sir; they will Court you, their whole delight is to Immortalize—— *Alexander* was begot by a *Salamander*, that visited his Mother in the form of a Serpent, because he wou'd not make King *Philip* Jealous, and that famous Philosopher *Merlin*, was begotten on a Vestal *Nun*, a certain Kings Daughter, by a most beautiful young *Salamander*; as indeed all the *Heroes*, and men of mighty minds are.

Doct. Most excellent!

Char. The Nymph *Egeria* inamour'd on *Numa Pompilius*, came to him invisible to all Eyes else, and gave him all his Wisdom and Philosophy. *Zoroaster*, *Trismegistus*, *Apuleius*, *Aquinas*, *Albertus Mag-*

nus.

mi, *Socrates*, and *Virgil* had their Zilphid, which fooliſh people call'd their Dæmon or Devil. But you are wiſe, Sir.——

Doct. But do you imagine, Sir, they will fall in Love with an old Mortal?

Char. They love not like the Vulgar, 'tis the Immortal Part they doat upon.

Doct. But, Sir, I have a Neece and Daughter which I love equally, were it not poſſible they might be Immortaliz'd?

Char. No doubt on't, Sir, if they be Pure and Chaſt.

Doct. I think they are, and I'll take care to keep 'em ſo; for I confeſs, Sir, I wou'd fain have a Hero to my Grandſon.

Char. You never ſaw the Emperor of the Moon, Sir, the mighty *Iredonzar*.

Doct. Never, Sir; his Court I have, but 'twas confuſedly too.

Char. Refine your Thoughts Sir, by a moments Prayer, and try again. [*He prays.* Char. *claps the Glaſs with the Emperor on it, he looks in, and ſees it.*

Doct. It is too much, too much for mortal Eyes! I ſee a Monarch ſeated on a Throne—— But ſeems moſt ſad and penſive.

Char. Forbear then, Sir, for now his Love-Fit's on, and then he wou'd be private.

Doct. His Love-Fit, Sir!

Char. Ay, Sir, the Emperor's in Love with ſome fair Mortal.

Doct. And can he not Command her?

Char. Yes, but her Quality being too mean, he ſtruggles tho' a King, 'twixt Love and Honour.

Doct. It were too much to know the Mortal, Sir?

Char. 'Tis yet unknown, Sir, to the Cabbaliſts, who now are uſing all their Arts to find her, and ſerve his Majeſty; but now my great Affair deprives me of you: To morrow Sir, I'll wait on you again; and now I've try'd your Vertue, tell you Wonders.

Doct. I humbly kiſs your Hands, moſt Learned Sir.

[Charmante *goes out.* Doctor *waits on him to the Door, and returns; to him* Scaramouch. *All this while* Harlequin *was hid in the Hedges, peeping now and then, and when his Maſter went out he was left behind.*

Sca. So, ſo. *Don Charmante* has plaid his part moſt exquiſitely; I'll in and ſee how it works in his Pericranium.—— Did you call, Sir?

Doct. Scaramouch, I have for thy ſingular Wit and Honeſty, always had a Tenderneſs for thee above that of a Maſter to a Servant.

Sca. I muſt confeſs it, Sir.

Doct. Thou haſt Vertue and Merit that deſerves much.

Sca. Oh Lord, Sir!

Doct. And I may make thee great, ——— all I require, is, that thou wilt double thy diligent Care of my Daughter and my Neece, for there are mighty things design'd for them, if we can keep 'em from the sight of Man.

Sca. The sight of Man, Sir!

Doct. Ay, and the very Thoughts of Man.

Sca. What Antidote is there to be given to a young Wench, against the Disease of Love and Longing?

Doct. Do you your Part, and because I know thee Discreet and very Secret, I will hereafter discover Wonders to thee. ——On pain of Life, look to the Girls; that's your Charge.

Sca. Doubt me not, Sir, and I hope your Reverence will reward my faithful Service with *Mopsophil*, your Daughters Governante, who is Rich, and has long had my Affection, Sir.

[Harlequin *Peeping, cries*—*Oh Traitor!*

Doct. Set not thy Heart on Transitories, mortal, there are better things in store—— besides, I have promis'd her to a Farmer for his Son.——Come in with me, and bring the Telescope.

[*Ex.* Doctor *and* Scaramouch.

[Harlequin *comes down to the Stage.*

Har. My Mistress *Mopsophil* to marry a Farmers Son! What am I then forsaken, abandon'd by the false fair One! ——If I have Honour, I must die with Rage; Reproaching gently, and complaining madly. ——It is resolv'd, I'll hang my self——O No, When did I ever hear of a Hero that hang'd himself! no—'tis the Death of Rogues. What if I drown my self?—No,—Useless Dogs and Puppies are drown'd; a Pistol or a Caper on my own Sword would look more nobly, but that I have a natural Aversion to Pain. Besides, it is as Vulgar as Rats-bane, or the slicing of the Weasand. No, I'll die a Death uncommon, and leave behind me an eternal Fame. I have somewhere read in an Author, either Ancient or Modern, of a Man that laugh'd to death. ——I am very Ticklish, and am resolv'd—to die that Death.——Oh *Mopsophil*, my cruel *Mopsophil*!

[*Pulls off his Hat, Sword and Shooes.*

——And now, farewell the World, fond Love, and mortal Cares.

[*He falls to tickle himself, his Head, his Ears, his Arm-pits, Hands, Sides, and Soals of his Feet; making ridiculous Cries and Noises of Laughing several ways, with Amick Leaps and Skips, at last falls down as dead.*

Enter Scaramouch.

Sca. Harlequin was left in the Garden, I'll tell him the News of *Mop-*

Mopſophil. [*Going forward, tumbles over him.*
Ha, what's here? *Harlequin* Dead! —— [*Heaving him up, he ſhifts into a Rage.*

Har. Who is't that thus wou'd rob me of my Honour?

Sca. Honour, why I thought thou'dſt been dead.

Har. Why ſo I was, and the moſt agreeably dead. ——

Sca. I came to bemoan with thee, the common loſs of our Miſtriſs.

Har. I know it Sir, I know it, and that thou'rt as falſe as ſhe: Was't not a Covenant between us, that neither ſhou'd take advantage of the other, but both ſhou'd have fair Play, and yet you baſely went to undermine me, and ask her of the Doctor; but ſince ſhe's gone, I ſcorn to quarrel for her —— But let's like loving Brothers, hand in hand, leap from ſome Precipice into the Sea.

Sca. What, and ſpoil all my Cloths? I thank you for that; no I have a newer way: you know I lodge four pair of Stairs high, let's aſcend thither, and after ſaying our Prayers. ——

Har. ——Prayers! I never heard of a dying Hero that ever pray'd.

Sca. Well, I'll not ſtand with you for a Trifle —— Being come up, I'll open the Caſement, take you by the Heels, and fling you out into the Street, —— after which, you have no more to do, but to come up and throw me down in my turn.

Har. The Achievement's great and new; but now I think on't, I'm reſolv'd to hear my Sentence from the mouth of the perfidious Trollop, for yet I cannot credit it.

I'll to the Gypſie, tho' I venture hanging,
To be undeceiv'd, 'tis hardly worth the hanging.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Chamber of* Bellemante.

Enter Scaramouch *groping.*

Sca. SO, I gave got rid of my Rival, and ſhall here get an Opportunity to ſpeak with *Mopſophil*, for hither ſhe muſt come anon, to lay the young Ladies Night-things in order; I'll hide my ſelf in ſome Corner till ſhe come.

[*Goes on to the further ſide of the Stage.*

Enter Harlequin *groping.*

Har. So, I made my Rival believe I was gone, and hid my ſelf,

till I got this Opportunity to ſteal to *Mopſophil's* Apartment, which muſt be hereabouts, for from theſe Windows ſhe us'd to entertain my Love. [*Advances.*

Sca. Ha, I hear a ſoft Tread, ——— if it were *Mopſophil's*, ſhe wou'd not come by Dark. [Har. *advancing runs againſt a Table and almoſt ſtrikes himſelf backwards.*

Har. What was that? ——— a Table, ——— There I may obſcure my ſelf.—— [*Groping for the Table.*

——— What a Devil, is it vaniſh'd?

Sca. Devil, ——— Vaniſh'd, ——— What can this mean? 'Tis a Mans Voice. ——— If it ſhou'd be my Maſter the Doctor, now I were a dead Man;— he can't ſee me,—and I'll put my ſelf into ſuch a Poſture, that if he feel me, he ſhall as ſoon take me for a Church Spout as a Man.

[*He puts himſelf into a Poſture ridiculous, his Arms akimbo, his Knees wide open, his Back-ſide almoſt touching the Ground, his Mouth ſtretched wide, and his Eyes ſtaring.* Harl. *groping, thruſts his Hand into his Mouth, he bites him, the other dares not cry out.*

Har. Ha, what's this? all Mouth, with twenty Rows of Teeth. ——— Now dare not I cry out, leaſt the Doctor ſhould come, find me here, and kill me. ——— I'll try if it be mortal. ———

[*Making damnable Faces and Signs of Pain, he draws a Dagger.* Scar. *feels the Point of it, and ſhrinks back, letting go his Hand.*

Scar. Who the Devil can this be? I felt a Poniard, and am glad I ſav'd my Skin from pinking. [*Steals out.*

[Harlequin *groping about, finds the Table, on which there is a Carpet, and creeps under it, liſtning.*

Enter Bellemante, *with a Candle in one Hand, and a Book in the other.*

Bel. I am in a *Belle* Humor for Poetry to Night, ——— I'll make ſome Boremes on Love. [*She writes and Studies.*

Out of a great Curioſity,—A Shepherd did demand of me.

——No, no, ——— *A Shepherd this implor'd of me.*——

[*Scratches out, and Writes a new.*

Ay, ay, ſo it ſhall go. ——— *Tell me, ſaid he,* ——

Can you Reſign? ——— *Reſign,* ay, ——— what ſhall Rhime to *Reſign?* —*Tell me, ſaid he,* —— [*She lays down the Tables, and walks about.*

[Harlequin *peeps from under the Table, takes the Book, writes in it, and lays it up before ſhe can turn.*

[*Peads.*]

[*Reads.*] Ay, Ay, —— So it shall be, —— *Tell me, said he, my* Bellemante, —— *Will you be kind to your* Charmante? —— [*Reads those two Lines, and is amaz'd.* —— Ha, —— Heav'ns! what's this? I am amaz'd! —— And yet I'll venture once more. — [*Writes and studies.* [*Writes.*] — *I blush'd, and veil'd my wishing Eyes.* [*Lays down the Book and walks as before.* —— *Wishing Eyes* —— [Har. *Writes as before.* [Har. *writes.*] —— *And answer'd only with my Sighs.* [*She turns and takes the Tablet.*

Bell. —— Ha, —— What is this? Witchcraft or some Divinity of Love? some *Cupid* sure invisible. ——— Once more I'll try the Charm. ——— [Bell. *writes.*] —— *Cou'd I a better way my Love impart?* [*Studies and walks.* ——— *Impart.* ——— [*He writes as before.* [Har. *writes.*] —— *And without speaking, tell him all my Heart.*

Bell. —— 'Tis here again, but where's the Hand that writ it? [*Looks about.* —— The little Deity that will be seen But only in his Miracles. It cannot be a Devil, For here's no Sin nor Mischief in all this.

Enter Charmante. *She hides the Tablet, he steps to her and snatches it from her and Reads.*

Char. Reads. *Out of a great Curiosity,*
A Shepherd this implor'd of me;
Tell me, said he, my Bellemante,
Will you be kind to your Charmante?
I blush'd, and veil'd my wishing Eyes,
And answer'd only with my Sighs.
Cou'd I a better way my Love impart;
And without speaking, tell him all my Heart?

Char. Whose is this different Character? [*Looks angry.*
Bell. 'Tis yours for ought I know.
Char. Away, my Name was put here for a blind.
What Rhiming Fop have you been clubbing Wit withal?
Bell. Ah, *mon Dieu!* —— *Charmante* Jealous!
Char. Have I not cause? —— Who writ these Boremes?
Bell. Some kind assisting Deity, for ought I know.
Char. Some kind assisting Coxcomb, that I know,
The Ink's yet wet, the Spark is near I find. ———
Bell. Ah, *Mal-heureux!* How was I mistaken in this Man?

Char.

Char. Mistaken! What, did you take me for, an easie Fool to be impos'd upon?——One that would be cuckolded by every feather'd Fool; that you thou'd call a——*Beau* or *Gallant Huome*. 'sdeath! Who wou'd doat upon a fond She Fop?——A vain conceited Amorous Cocquet.

[*Goes out, she pulls him back.*

Enter Scaramouch, *running.*

Sca. Oh Madam! hide your Lover, or we are all undone.

Char. I will not hide, till I know the thing that made the Verses.

[*The Doctor calling as on the Stairs.*

Doct. Bellemante, Neece,——*Bellemante.*

Scar. She's coming, Sir.——Where, where shall I hide him?——Oh, the Closet's open?

[*Thrusts him into the Closet by force.*

Doct. Oh Neece! Ill Luck, Ill Luck, I must leave you to night; my Brother the Advocate is sick, and has sent for me; 'tis three long Leagues, and dark as 'tis, I must go.——They say he's dying. *Here, take my Keys, and go into my Study, and look over all my Papers, and bring me all those Mark'd with a Cross and Figure of Three, they concern my Brother and me.

[**Pulls out his Keys; one falls down. She looks on* Scaramouch, *and makes pitiful Signs, and goes out.*

——Come *Scaramouch* and get me ready for my Journey, and on your Life let not a Door be open'd till my Return.

[*Ex.*

Enter Mopsophil. Har. *peeps from under the Table.*

Har. Ha! *Mopsophil*, and alone?

Mop. Well, 'tis a delicious thing to be Rich; what a World of Lovers it invites: I have one for every Hand, and the Favourite for my Lips.

Har. Ay, him won'd I be glad to know.

[*And peeping.*

Mop. But of all my Lovers, I am for the Farmers Son, because he keeps a Calash——and I'll swear a Coach is the most agreeable thing about a man.

Har. Ho, ho!

Mop. Ah me,——What's that?

[*He answers in a shrill Voice.*

Har. The Ghost of a poor Lover, dwindl'd into a Hey-ho.

[*He rises from under the Table and falls at her Feet.*

Scaramouch *enters. She runs off squeaking.*

Sca. Ha, my Rival and my Mistress!——

Is

Is this done like a Man of Honour, Monnſieur *Harlequin*, to take Advantages to injure me?

[*Draws.*]

Har. All advantages are lawful in Love and War.

Scar. 'Twas contrary to our League and Covenant; therefore I defy thee as a Traitor.

Har. I ſcorn to fight with thee, becauſe I once call'd thee Brother.

Scar. Then thou art a Poltron, that's to ſay a Coward.

Har. Coward, nay, then I am provok'd, come on——

Scar. Pardon me, Sir, I gave the Coward, and you ought to ſtrike.

[*They go to fight ridiculouſly, and ever as* Scaramouch *paſſes,* Harlequin *leaps aſide, and skips ſo nimbly about, he cannot touch him for his Life; which after a while endeavouring in vain, he lays down his Sword.*

——If you be for dancing, Sir, I have my Weapons for all occaſions.

[Scar. *pulls out a Pleut Deux, and falls to Playing.* Har. *throws down his, and falls a Dancing, after the Dance, they ſhake Hands.*

Har. He my Bone Ame——Is not this better than Duelling?

Scar. But not altogether ſo Heroick, Sir. Well for the future, let us have fair Play; no Tricks to undermine each other, but which of us is choſen to be the happy Man, the other ſhall be content.

[Elaria *within.*

Ela. Couſin *Bellemante*, Couſin.

Scar. 'Slife, let's be gone, leſt we be ſeen in the Ladies Apartment.

[Scar. *ſlips* Harlequin *behind the Door.*

Enter Elaria.

Ela. How now, how came you here?

[*Signs to* Har. *to go out.*

Scar. I came to tell you, Madam, my Maſter's juſt taking Mule to go his Journey to Night, and that *Don Cinthio* is in the Street, for a lucky moment to enter in.

Ela. But what if any one by my Fathers Order, or he himſelf, ſhou'd by ſome chance ſurpriſe us?

Scar. If we be I have taken order againſt a Diſcovery. I'll go ſee if the old Gentleman be gone, and return with your Lover.

[*Goes out.*

Ela. I tremble, but know not whether 'tis with Fear or Joy.

Enter Cinthio.

Cin. My Dear *Elaria*——[*Runs to imbrace her, ſhe ſtarts from him.*

——Ha,

——Ha, ——— shun my Arms, *Elaria*.

Ela. Heavens! Why did you come so soon?

Cin. Is it too Soon, when ere 'tis safe, *Elaria*?

Ela. I die with fear ——— Met you not *Scaramouch*? He went to bid you wait a while; What shall I do.

Cin. Why this Concern? none of the House has seen me. I saw your Father taking Mule.

Ela. Sure you mistake, methinks I here his Voice.

Doct. below.] — My Key —— The Key of my Laboratory. —— Why, Knave, *Scaramouch*, where are you? ———

Ela. Do you hear that, Sir? ——— Oh, I'm undone! —— Where shall I hide you? ——— He approaches ———

[*She searches where to hide him.*

——— Ha, —— my Cousins Closet's open, ——— step in a little. ——

[*He goes in, she puts out the Candle.* *Enter the Doctor. She gets round the Chamber to the Door, and as he advances in, she steals out.*

Doct. Here I must have dropt it; a Light, a Light ——— there ———

Enter Cinthio *from the Closet, pulls* Charmante *out, they not knowing each other.*

Cin. Oh this perfidious Woman! no marvel she was so surpriz'd and angry at my Approach to Night. ——

Cha. Who can this be? ——— but I'll be prepar'd ———

[*Lays his hand on his Sword.*

Doct. Why, *Scaramouch*, Knave, a Light! [*Turns to the Door to call.*

Enter Scaramouch *with a Light, and seeing the two Lovers there, runs against his Master, puts out the Candle, and flings him down, and falls over him. At the entrance of the Candle,* Charmante *slips from* Cinthio *into the Closet.* Cinthio *gropes to find him; when* Mopsophil *and* Elaria, *hearing a great Noise, enter with a Light.* Cinthio *finding he was discovered, falls to acting a Mad Man.* Scaramouch *helps up the Doctor, and bows.*

——— Ha, ——— a Man, ——— and in my House, —— Oh dire Misfortune! ——— Who are you, Sir?

Cin. Men call me *Gog Magog*, the Spirit of Power;
My Right-hand Riches holds, my Left-hand Honour.
Is there a City Wife Would be a Lady? —— Bring her to me,
Her easie Cuckold shall be dubb'd a Knight.

Ela. Oh Heavens! a mad Man, Sir.

Cin.

Cin. Is there a Tawdry Fop wou'd have a Title?
A rich Mechanick that wou'd be an Alderman?
Bring 'em to me,
And I'll convert that Coxcomb, and that Block-head, into Your Honour, and Right Worshipful.

Doct. Mad, stark mad! Why, Sirrah, Rogue——*Scaramouch*—— How got this mad Man in? [*While the Doctor turns to* Scaramouch, Cinthio *speaks softly to* Elaria.

Cin. Oh, thou perfidious Maid! who hast thou hid in yonder conscious Closet? [*Aside to her.*

Scar. Why, Sir, he was brought in a Chair for your Advice, but how he rambl'd from the Parlour to this Chamber, I know not.

Cin. Upon a winged Horse, Iclyped *Pegasus*,
Swift as the fiery Racers of the Sun,
——I fly——I fly——
See how I mount, and cut the liquid Sky. [*Runs out.*

Doct. Alas poor Gentleman, he's past all Cure —— But, Sirrah, for the future, take you care that no young mad Patients be brought into my House.

Scar. I shall, Sir,——and see——here's your key you look'd for.

Doct. That's well; I must be gone——Barr up the Doors, and upon Life or Death let no man enter.

[*Exit Doctor, and all with him, with the Light.*

[Charmante *peeps out*——*and by degrees comes all out listning every step.*

Char. Who the Devil cou'd that be that pull'd me from the Closet? but at last I'm free and the Doctors gone; I'll to *Cinthio*, and bring him to pass this Night with our Mistresses. [*Exit.*

As he is gone off, enter Cinthio *groping.*

Cin. Now for this lucky Rival, if his Stars will make this last part of his Adventure such. I hid my self in the next Chamber, till I heard the Doctor go, only to return to be reveng'd.

[*He gropes his way into the Closet, with his Sword drawn.*

Enter Elaria *with a Light.*

Ela. Scaramouch tells me *Charmante* is conceal'd in the Closet, whom *Cinthio* surely has mistaken for some Lover of mine, and is jealous; but I'll send *Charmante* after him, to make my peace and undeceive him. [*Goes to the door.*

——Sir, Sir, where are you? they are all gone, you may

adventure out. [Cinthio comes on.
——Ha,——Cinthio here!——
Cin. Yes Madam, to your ſhame——
Now your Perfidiouſneſs is plain——[illegible] Woman,
'Tis well your Lover had the Dexterity of eſcaping, I'd ſpoil'd his making Love elſe. [*Gets from her, ſhe holds him.*
Ela. Prethee hear me.
Cin.——But ſince my Ignorance of his Perſon ſaves his Life, live and poſſeſs him, till I can diſcover him [*Goes out.*
Ela. Go peeviſh Fool—— *Ex.*
Whoſe Jealouſie believes me given to Change,
Let thy own Torments be my juſt Revenge.

The End of the firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Antick Dance.

After the Muſick has plaid, enter Elaria *to her* Bellemante.

Elar. HEavens, *Bellemante!* Where have you been?
Bell. Fatigu'd with the moſt diſagreeable Affair, for a Perſon of my Humour, in the World. Oh how I hate Buſineſs, which I do no more mind, than a Spark does the Sermon, who is ogling his Miſtreſs at Church all the while: I have been ruffling over twenty Reams of Paper for my Uncles Writings.

Enter Scaramouch.

Scar. So, ſo, the Old Gentleman is departed this wicked World, and the Houſe is our own for this Night.——
Where are the Sparks? Where are the Sparks?
Ela. Nay, Heaven knows.
Bell. How! I hope not ſo, I left *Charmante* confin'd to my Cloſet, when my Unkle had like to have ſurpriz'd us together; Is he not here?——
Ela. No he's eſcap'd, but he has made ſweet doings.
Bell. Heavens Couſin! What?
Ela. My Father was coming into the Chamber, and had like to have

have taken *Cinthio* with me, when, to conceal him, I put him into your Closet, not knowing of *Charmante*'s being there, and which, in the Dark, he took for a Gallant of mine; had not my Fathers Presence hinder'd, I believe there had been Murder commited; however, they both escap'd unknown.

Scar. Pshaw, is this all? Lovers Quarrels are soon adjusted; I'll to e'm, unfold the Riddle, and bring 'em back—take no care, but go in and dress you for the Ball; *Mopsophil* has Habits which your Lovers sent to put on: the Fiddles Treat, and are all prepar'd.——

Ex. Scaramouch.

Enter Mopsophil.

Mopsophil. Madam, your Cousin *Florinda*, with a Lady, is come to visit you.

Bell. I'm glad on't, 'tis a good wench, and we'll trust her with our Mirth and Secret.

[*They go out.*

SCENE Changes *to the Street.*

Enter Page with a Flambeaux, follow'd by Cinthio; *passes over the Stage.* Scaramouch *follows* Cinthio *in a Campain Coat.*

Scar. 'Tis *Cinthio*—— *Don Cinthio*—— [*Calls: he turns.*
——Well, what's the Quarrel?—How fell ye out.

Cin. You may inform your self I believe, for these close Intrignes cannot be carried on without your Knowledge.

Scar. What Intrigues, Sir? be quick, for I'm in hast.

Cin. Who was the Lover I surpriz'd i'th' Closet?

Scar. Deceptio visus, Sir; the Error of the Eyes.

Cin. Thou Dog——I felt him too; but since the Rascal escaped me——I'll be Reveng'd on thee——

[*Goes to beat him, he running away, runs against* Harlequin, *who is entring with* Charmante, *and is like to throw 'em both down.*

Char. Ha,——What's the matter here?——

Scar. Seignior Don *Charmante*—— [*Then he struts courageously in with 'em.*

Char. What, *Cinthio* in a Rage! Who's the unlucky Object?

Cin. All Man and Woman Kind: *Elaria*'s false.

Char. Elaria false! take heed, sure her nice Vertue is Proof against the Vices of her Sex.

——Say rather *Bellemante*.
She Who by Nature's light and wavering.
The Town contains not such a False Impertinent:
This Evening I surpriz'd her in her Chamber
Writing of Verses, and between her Lines,
Some Spark had newly pen'd his proper Stuff.
Curse of the Jilt, I'll be her Fool no more.

Har. I doubt you are mistaken in that, Sir, for 'twas I was the Spark that writ the proper Stuff.
To do you Service——

Char. Thou!

Scar. Ay we that spend our Lives and Fortunes here to serve you, ——to be us'd like Pimps and Scowndrels.——
Come, Sir,——satisfie him who 'twas was hid i'th' Closet when he came in and found you.

Cin. Ha,——is't possible? Was it *Charmante*?

Char. Was it you, *Cinthio*? Pox on't, what Fools are we, we cou'd not know one another by Instinct?

Scar. Well, well, dispute no more this clear Case, but lets hasten to your Mistresses.

Cin. I'm asham'd to appear before *Elaria*.

Char. And I to *Bellemante*.

Scar. Come, come, take Heart of Grace; pull your Hats down over your Eyes; put your Arms across; sigh and look scurvily; your simple Looks are ever a Token of Repentance; come——come along. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE Changes to the inside of the House.

The Front of the Scene is only a Curt[illegible] Hangings to be drawn up at Pleasure.

Enter Elaria, Bellemante, Mopsophil, *and Ladies dress'd in Making Habits.*

Elaria. I Am extremely pleas'd with these Habits, Cousin.

Bell. They are *Ala Gothic* and *Uncommune*.

Lady. Your Lovers have a very good Fancy, Cousin, I long to see 'em.

Ela. And so do I. I wonder *Scaramouch* stays so, and what Success he has.

Bell. You have no cause to doubt, you can so easily acquit your self; but I, what shall I do? who can no more imagine who shou'd write

write those Boremes, than who I shall love next, if I break off with *Charmante*.

Lady. If he be a Man of Honour, Cousin, when a Maid protests her Innocence———

Bell. Ay, but he's a Man of Wit too, Cousin, and knows when Women protest most, they likely lye most.

Ela. Most commonly, for Truth needs no asseveration.

Bell. That's according to the Disposition of your Lover; for some believe you most, when you most abuse and cheat 'em; some are so obstinate, they wou'd damn a Woman with protesting, before she can convince 'em.

Ela. Such a one is not worth convincing, I wou'd not make the World wise at the expence of a Vertue.

Bell. Nay, he shall e'en remain as Heaven made him for me, since there are Men enough for all uses.

Enter Charmante *and* Cinthio, *dress'd in their Gothic Habits.* Scaramouch, Harlequin *and Musick.* Charmante *and* Cinthio *kneel.*

Cin. Can you forgive us? [Elaria *takes him up.*

Bell. That, *Cinthio*, you're convinc'd, I do not wonder; but how *Charmante*'s Goodness is inspir'd, I know not.

[*Takes him up.*

Char. Let it suffice, I'm satisfy'd, my *Bellemante.*

Ela. 'Pray' know my Cousin *Florinda.* [*They Salute the Lady.*

Bell. Come let's not lose time, since we are all Friends.

Char. The best use we can make of it, is to talk of Love.

Bell. Oh! we shall have time enough for that hereafter; besides you may make Love in Dancing as well as in Sitting; you may gaze, sigh,———and press the Hand, and now and then receive a Kiss, what wou'd you more?

Char. Yes, wish a little more.

Bell. We were unreasonable to forbid you that cold Joy, nor shall you wish long in vain, if you bring Matters so about, to get us with my Uncle's Consent.

Ela. Our Fortunes depending solely on his Pleasure, which is too considerable to lose.

Cin. All things are order'd as I have written you at large; our Scenes and all our Properties are ready; we have no more to do but to banter the old Gentleman into a little more Faith, which the next Visit of our new Cabbalist *Charmante* will compleat.

[*The Musick Plays.*

Enter some Anticks and dance. They all sit still the while.

Ela. Your dancers have perform'd well, but 'twere fit we knew

knew whom we truſted with this Evenings Intrigue.

Cin. Thoſe, Madam, who are to aſſiſt us in carrying on a greater Intrigue, the gaining of you. They are our Kinſmen.

Ela. Then they are doubly welcome.

[*Here is a Song in Dialogue, with Flute Deux and Harpſicals. Shepherd and Shepherdeſs; which ended, they all dance a Figure Dance.*

Cin. Hark, what Noiſe is that? ſure 'tis in the next Room.

Doct. within.] *Scaramouch, Scaramouch!* [Scar. *runs to the Door, and holds it faſt.*

Scar. Ha,—— the Devil in the likeneſs of my old Maſters Voice, for 'tis impoſſible it ſhou'd be he himſelf.

Char. If it be he, how got he in? did you not ſecure the Doors?

Ela. He always has a Key to open 'em; Oh! what ſhall we do? there's no eſcaping him; he's in the next Room, through which you are to paſs.

Doct. Scaramouch, Knave, where are you?

Scar. 'Tis he, 'tis he, follow me all—— [*He goes with all the Company behind the Front Curtain.*

Without Doctor.] I tell you, Sirrah, I heard the Noiſe of Fiddles.

Without Peter. No ſurely, Sir, 'twas a Miſtake.

[*Knocking at the Door.*

[Scaramouch *having plac'd them all in the Hanging, in which they make the Figures, where they ſtand without Motion in Poſtures. He comes out. He opens the Door with a Candle in his hand.*

Enter the Doctor *and* Peter *with a Light.*

Scar. Bleſs me, Sir! Is it you or your Ghoſt.

Doct. 'Twere good for you, Sir, if I were a thing of Air; but as I am a ſubſtantial Mortal, I will lay it on as ſubſtantially—— [*Canes him. He cries.*

Scar. What d'ye mean, Sir,? what d'ye mean?

Doct. Sirrah, muſt I ſtand waiting your Leiſure, while you are Rogueing here? I will Reward ye. [*Beats him.*

Scar. Ay, and I ſhall deſerve it richly, Sir, when you know all.

Doct. I gueſs all, Sirrah, and I heard all, and you ſhall be rewarded for all. Where have you hid the Fiddles you Rogue?

Scar. Fiddles, Sir!——

Doct. Ay, Fiddles, Knave.

Scar. Fiddles, Sir!—— Where?

Doct. Here,—— here I heard 'em, thou falſe Steward of thy Maſters Treaſure.

Scar.

Scar. Fiddles, Sir! Sure 'twas Wind got into your Head, and whiſtled in your Ears, riding ſo late, Sir.

Doct. Ay, thou falſe Varlet there's another Debt I owe thee, for bringing me ſo damnable a Lye: my Brother's well —— I met his Valet but a League from Town, and found thy Roguery out.

[*Beats him. He cries.*

Scar. Is this the Reward I have for being ſo diligent ſince you went?

Doct. In What, thou Villain? in what?

[*The Curtain is drawn up, and diſcovers the Hangings where all of them ſtand.*

Scar. Why look you, Sir, I have, to ſurpriſe you with Pleaſure, againſt you came home, been putting up this Piece of Tapeſtry, the beſt in *Italy*, for the Rareneſs of the Figures, Sir.

Doct. Ha ——Hum ——It is indeed a ſtately Piece of Work; how came I by 'em?

Scar. 'Twas ſent your Reverence from the *Vertuoſo*, or ſome of the Cabbaliſts.

Doct. I muſt confeſs, the Workmanſhip is excellent,——but ſtill I do inſiſt I heard the Muſick.

Scar. 'Twas then the tuning of the Spheres, ſome Serenade, Sir, from the Inhabitants of the Moon.

Doct. Hum, ——— from the Moon, ——— and that may be———

Scar. Lord, d'ye think I wou'd deceive your Reverence?

Doct. From the Moon, a Serenade, —— I ſee no ſigns on't here, indeed it muſt be ſo——— I'll think on't more at leiſure. ———

[*Aſide.*

———Prithee what Story's this? [*Looks on the Hangings.*

Scar. Why, Sir, ———'Tis.———

Doct. Hold up the Candles higher, and nearer.

[Peter *and* Scaramouch *hold Candles near. He takes a Perſpective and looks through it, and coming nearer,* Harlequin, *who is plac'd on a Tree in the Hangings, hits him on the Head with his Truncheon. He ſtarts, and looks about. He ſits ſtill.*

Scar. Sir.———

Doct. What was that ſtruck me?

Scar. Struck you, Sir! Imagination.

Doct. Can my Imagination feel, Sirrah?

Scar. Oh, the moſt tenderly of any part about one, Sir!

Doct. Hum——That may be———

Scar. Are you a great Philoſopher, and know not that, Sir?

Doct. This Fellow has a glimpſe of Profundity ———

[*Aſide. Looks again.*

——I like the Figures well.

Scar.

Scar. You will, when you See 'em by Day-light, Sir.

[Har. *hits him again. The Doctor sees him.*

Doct. Ha,——Is that Imagination too?——Betray'd, Betray'd, undone; run for my Piſtols, call up my Servants, *Peter*, a Plot upon my Daughter and my Neece.

[*Runs out with* Peter.

[Scaramouch *puts out the Candle, they come out of the Hanging, which is drawn away. He places 'em in a Row juſt at the Entrance.*

Scar. Here, here, fear nothing, hold by each other, that when I go out, all may go; that is, ſlip out, when you hear the Doctor is come in again, which he will certainly do, and all depart to your reſpective Lodgings.

Cin. And leave thee to bear the Brunt?

Sca. Take you no care for that, I'll put it into my Bill of Charges, and be paid all together.

Enter the Doctor *with Piſtols, and* Peter.

Doct. What, by dark? that ſhall not ſave you Villains, Traytors to my Glory and Repoſe.——*Peter*, hold faſt the Door, let none eſcape.

[*They all ſlip out.*

Pet. I'll warrant you, Sir.

[Doctor *gropes about, then ſtamps and calls.*

Doct. Lights there——Lights——I'm ſure they could not ſcape.

Pet. Impoſſible, Sir.

Enter Scaramouch *undreſs'd in his Shirt, with a Light. Starts.*

Scar. Bleſs me!——What's here?

Doct. Ha,——Who art thou? [*Amaz'd to ſee him enter ſo.*

Sca. I, who the Devil are you, and you go to that?

[*Rubs his Eyes, and brings the Candle nearer. Looks on him.*

——Mercy upon us!——Why, what is't you, Sir, return'd ſo ſoon?

Doct. Return'd! [*Looking ſometimes on him, ſometimes about.*

Scar. Ay, Sir, Did you not go out of Town laſt night, to your Brother the Advocate?

Doct. Thou Villain, thou queſtion'ſt me, as if thou knew'ſt not that I was return'd.

Scar. I know, Sir? how ſhou'd I know? I'm ſure I am but juſt wak'd from the ſweeteſt Dream——

Doct. You dream ſtill, Sirrah, but I ſhall wake your Rogueſhip.

ſhip.——Were you not here but now, ſhewing me a piece of Tapeſtry, you Villain?——

Scar. Tapeſtry?—— [Mopſophil *liſtning all the while.*

Doct. Yes, Rogue, yes, for which I'll have thy Life——

[*Offering a Piſtol.*

Scar. Are you ſtark mad, Sir; or do I dream ſtill?

Doct. Tell me, and tell me quickly, Rogue, who were thoſe Traytors that were hid but now in the Diſguiſe of a piece of Hangings. [*Holds the Piſtol to his Breaſt.*

Scar. Bleſs me! you amaze me, Sir. What conformity has every Word you ſay, to my rare Dream: Pray let me feell you, Sir, ——Are you Humane?

Doct. You ſhall feel I am, Sirrah, if thou confeſs not.

Scar. Confeſs, Sir! What ſhould I confeſs!—— I underſtand not your Cabbaliſtical Language; but in mine, I confeſs that you have wak'd me from the rareſt Dream——Where methought the Emperor of the Moon World was in our Houſe, Dancing and Revelling; and methoughts his Grace was fallen deſperately in Love with Miſtreſs *Elaria*, and that his Brother, the Prince, Sir, of *Thunderland*, was alſo in Love with Miſtreſs *Bellemante*; and methoughts they deſcended to court 'em in your Abſence.——And that at laſt you ſurpriz'd 'em, and that they transform'd themſelves into a Suit of Hangings to deceive you. But at laſt, methought you grew angry at ſomething, and they all fled to Heaven again; and after a deal of Thunder and Lightning, I wak'd, Sir, and hearing Humane Voices here, came to ſee what the Matter was.

[*This while the* Doctor *leſſens his ſigns of Rage by degrees, and at laſt ſtands in deep Contemplation.*

Doct. May I credit this?

Scar. Credit it! By all the Honour of your Houſe, by my unſeperable Veneration for the Mathematicks, 'tis true, Sir.

Doct. ——That famous *Roſicrucian*, who yeſterday viſited me, told me——the Emperor of the Moon was in Love with a fair Mortal——This Dream is Inſpiration in this Fellow——He muſt have wonderous Vertue in him, to be worthy of theſe Divine Intelligences. [*Aſide.*

——But if that Mortal ſhou'd be *Elaria*! but no more, I dare not yet ſuppoſe it——perhaps the thing was real and no Dream, for oftentimes the groſſer part is hurried away in Sleep, by the force of Imagination, and is wonderfully agitated—— This Fellow might be preſent in his Sleep,——of this we've frequent Inſtances——I'll to my Daughter and my Neece, and hear what knowledge they may have of this.

Mop. Will you ſo? I'll ſecure you, the Frolick ſhall go round.

Doct. *Scaramouch*, If you have not deceiv'd me in this Matter, time will convince me farther; if it reſt here, I ſhall believe you falſe———

Sca. Good Sir, ſuſpend your Judgment and your Anger then.

Doct. I'll do't, go Back to Bed——— [*Ex.* Doctor *and* Peter.

Scar. No, Sir, 'tis Morning now——— and I'm up for all day. ———This Madneſs is a pretty ſort of a pleaſant Diſeaſe, when it tickles but in one Vein ———Why here's my Maſter now, as great a Scholar, as grave and wiſe a Man, in all Argument and Diſcourſe, as can be met with, yet name but the Moon, and he runs into Ridicule, and grows as mad as the Wind.

Well *Doctor*, if thou can'ſt be madder yet,
We'll find a Medicine that ſhall cure your Fit.
———Better than all *Galeniſts*.

SCENE Draws off. *Diſcovers* Elaria, Bellemante, *and* Mopſophil *in Night-Gowns.*

Mop. You have your Leſſons, ſtand to it bravely, and the Town's our own, Madam. [*They put themſelves in Poſtures of Sleeping, leaning on the Table,* Mopſophil *lying at their Feet.*

Enter Doctor, *ſoftly.*

Doct. Ha, not in Bed! this gives me mortal Fears.

Bell. Ah, Prince——— [*She ſpeaks as in her Sleep.*

Doct. Ha, Prince! [*Goes nearer and liſtens.*

Bell. How little Faith I give to all your Courtſhip, who leaves our Orb ſo ſoon. [*In a feign'd Voice.*

Doct. Ha, ſaid ſhe Orb? [*Goes nearer.*

Bell. But ſince you are of a Cœleſtial Race,
And eaſily can penetrate
Into the utmoſt limits of the Thought,
Why ſhou'd I fear to tell you of your Conqueſt?
———And thus implore your Aid.

[*Riſes and runs to the* Doctor. *Kneels, and holds him faſt. He ſhews ſigns of Joy.*

Doct. I am Raviſh'd!

Bell. Ah, Prince Divine, take Pity on a Mortal———

Doct. I am rapt!

Bell. And take me with you to the World above.

Doct. The Moon, the Moon ſhe means, I am Tranſported, Over-joy'd, and Ecſtaſy'd. [*Leaping and jumping from her Hands, ſhe ſeems to wake.*

Bell,

Bell. Ha, my Uncle come again to interrupt us!

Doct. Hide nothing from me, my dear *Bellemante*, since all already is discover'd to me———and more.———

Ela. Oh, why have you wak'd me from the softest Dream that ever Maid was blest with?

Doct. What———what, my best *Elvira*? [*With over-joy.*

Ela. Methought I entertain'd a Demi-God, one of the gay Inhabitants of the Moon.

Bell. I'm sure mine was no Dream——— I wak'd, I heard, I saw, I spoke——and danc'd to the Musick of the Spheres, and methought my glorious Lover ty'd a Diamond Chain about my Arm——and see 'tis all substantial. [*Shows her Arm.*

Ela. And mine a Ring, of more than mortal Lustre.

Doct. Heaven keep me moderate! least excess of Joy shou'd make my Vertue less. [*Stifling his Joy.*

———There is a wonderous Mystery in this.
A mighty Blessing does attend your Fates.
Go in, and pray to the chast Powers above
To give you Vertue fit for such rewards. [*They go in.*

——How this agrees with what the learned Cabbalist inform'd me of last Night! He said, that great *Iredonozar*, the Emperor of the Moon, was inamour'd on a fair Mortal. It must be so——and either he descended to Court my Daughter Personally, which, for the Rareness of the Novelty, she takes to be a Dream; or else, what they and I beheld, was Visionary, by way of a sublime Intelligence.———and possibly———'tis only thus——the People of that World converse with Mortals.———I must be satisfy'd in this main Point of deep Philosophy.

I'll to my Study, for I cannot rest,
Till I this weighty Mystery have discuss'd.

[*Ex. very gravely.*

SCENE. *The Garden.*

Enter Scaramouch *with a Ladder.*

Scar. THo' I am come off *en Cavalier* with my Master, I am not with my Mistriss, whom I promised to console this Night, and is but just I shou'd make 'good this Morning; 'twill be rude to surprize her Sleeping, and more Gallant to wake her with a Serinade at her Window.

[*Sets the Ladder, to her Window, fetches his Lute and goes up the Ladder.*

He Plays and Sings this Song.

When Maidens are young and in their Spring
Of Pleasure, of Pleasure, let 'em take their full Swing,
full Swing, ——— full Swing, ———
And Love, and Dance, and Play, and Sing.
For Silvia, *believe it, when Youth is done,*
There's nought but hum drum, hum drum, hum drum;
There's nought but hum drum, hum drum, hum drum.

Then Silvia *be wise ——— be wise ——— be wise,*
Tho' Painting and Dressing, for a while, are Supplies,
And may ——— surprise ———
But when the Fire's going out in your Eyes,
It twinkles, it twinkles, it twinkles, and dies.
And then to hear Love, to hear Love from you,
I'd as lief hear an Owl cry ——— Wit to woo,
Wit to woo, Wit to woo.

Enter Mopsophil *above.*

Mop. What woful Ditty-making Mortal's this?
That ere the Lark her early Note has sung,
Does doleful Love beneath my Casement thrum.——
———Ah, Senior *Scaramouch*, is it you?
Scar. Who shou'd it be, that takes such pains to sue?
Mop. Ah, Lover most true Blew!

Enter Harlequin *in Womens Cloaths.*

Har. If I can now but get admittance, I shall not only deliver the young Ladies their Letters from their Lovers, but get some opportunity, in this Disguise, to slip this *Billet Deux* into *Mopsophil*'s Hand, and bob my Comrade *Scaramouch*. ——— Ha, ——— What do I see?—My Mistress at the Window, courting my Rival! Ah Gypsie!——

Scar. —But we lose precious time, since you design me a kind Hour in your Chamber.
Har. Ah Traytor!
Mop. You'll be sure to keep it from *Harlequin*.
Har. Ah yes, he, hang him Fool, he takes you for a Saint.
Scar. Harlequin! ———Hang him, shotten Herring.
Har. Ay, a Cully, a Noddy.
Mop. A meer Zany.

Har.

Har. Ah, heard hearted Turk.

Mop. Fit for nothing but a Cuckold.

Har. Monſter of Ingratitude! How ſhall I be reveng'd;

[Scar. *going over the Balcony.*

——Hold, hold, thou perjur'd Traytor. [*Cryes out in a Womans Voice.*

Mop. Ha,——Diſcover'd!——A Woman in the Garden!

Har. Come down, come down, thou falſe perfidious Wretch.

Scar. Who, in the Devils Name, art thou?
And to whom doſt thou ſpeak?

Har. To thee, thou falſe Deceiver, that haſt broke thy Vows, thy Lawful Vows of Wedlock—— [*Bawling out.*
Oh, oh, that I ſhou'd live to ſee the Day! [*Crying.*

Scar. Who mean you, Woman?

Har. Whom ſhou'd I mean, but thou——my lawful Spouſe?

Mop. Oh Villain!——Lawful Spouſe!—Let me come to her.

[Scar. *comes down, as* Mopſophil *flings out of the Balcony.*

Scar. The Woman's mad——hark ye Jade——how long have you been thus diſtracted?

Har. E're ſince I lov'd and truſted thee, falſe Varlot.
——See here,——the Witneſs of my Love and Shame.
[*Bawls, and points to her Belly.*

Juſt then Mopſophil *enters.*

Mop. How! with Child!——Out Villain, was I made a Property?

Scar. Hear me.

Har. Oh, thou Heathen Chriſtian!——Was not one Woman enough?

Mop. Ay, Sirrah, anſwer to that.

Scar. I ſhall be ſacrific'd.

Mop. I am reſolv'd to marry to morrow——either to the Apothecary or the Farmer, men I never ſaw, to be reveng'd on thee, thou tarmagant Infidel.

Enter the Doctor.

Doct. What Noiſe, what Out-cry, what Tumult's this?

Har. Ha,——the Doctor!——What ſhall I do?——
[*Gets to the Door,* Scar. *pulls her in.*

Doct. A Woman!——ſome Bawd I am ſure——Woman, what's your Buſineſs here?——ha——

Har. I came, an't like your Seigniorſhip, to Madam the Governante

nante here, to serve her in the Quality of a *Fille de Chambre*, to the young Ladies.

Doct. A *Fille de Chambre*! 'tis so, a she-Pimp,———

Har. Ah, Seignior—— [*Makes his little dapper Leg instead of a Courtsie.*

Doct. How now, what do you mock me?

Har. Oh, Seignior!——— [*Gets nearer the door.*

Mop. Stay, stay, Mistriss, and what Service are you able to do the Seigniors Daughters?

Har. Is this Seignior Doctor *Baliardo*, Madam?

Mop. Yes.

Har. Oh! He's a very handsome Gentleman——indeed——

Doct. Ay, ay, what Service can you do, Mistriss?

Har. Why, Seignior, I can tye a Crevat the best of any Person in *Naples*, and I can comb a Periwig—— and I can———

Doct. Very proper Service for young Ladies; you I believe, have been *Fille de Chambre* to some young Cavaliers.

Har. Most true, Seignior, why shou'd not the Cavaliers keep *Filles de Chambre*, as well as great Ladies *Vallets de Chambre*?

Doct. Indeed 'tis equally reasonable.——— 'Tis a Bawd.—— [*Aside.*

——— But have you never serv'd Ladies?

Har. Oh yes! I serv'd a Parsons Wife.

Doct. Is that a great Lady?

Har. Ay surely, Sir, what is she else? for she wore her Mantoes of *Brokad de or*, Petticoats lac'd up to the Gathers, her Points, her Patches, Paints and Perfumes, and sate in the uppermost Place in the Church too.

Mop. But have you never serv'd Countesses and Dutchesses?

Har. Oh, yes, Madam! the last I serv'd, was an Aldermans Wife in the City.

Mop. Was that a Countess or a Dutchess?

Har. Ay, certainly——for they have all the Money; and then for Cloaths, Jewels, and rich Furniture, and eating, they outdo the very *Vice-Reigne* her self.

Doct. This is a very ignorant running Bawd,—— therefore first search her for *Billets Doux*, and then have her Pump'd.

Har. Ah, Seignior,——Seignior.—— [*Scar. searches him, finds Letters.*

Scar.——Ha,——to *Flavia*——and *Bellemante*?——— [*Reads the Outside, pops 'em into his Bosom.*

———These are from their Lovers———

———Ha, a Note to *Mopsophil*,———Oh, Rogue! have I found you?

Har. If you have, 'tis but Trick for your Trick, Seignior

Scar-

Scaramouch, and you may spare the Pumping.

Scar. For once, Sirrah, I'll bring you off, and deliver your Letters. ——Sir, do you not know who this is? —Why 'tis a Rival of mine, who put on this Disguise to cheat me of Mistriss *Mopsophil.*——See here's a Billet to her.——

Doct. What is he?

Scar. A Mungrel Dancing-Master; therefore, Sir, since all the Injury's mine, I'll pardon him for a Dance, and let the Agility of his Heels save his Bones, with your Permission, Sir.

Doct. With all my Heart, and am glad he comes off so comically.

[Harlequin *Dances.*

[*A knocking at the Gate.* Scar. *goes and returns.*

Scar. Sir, Sir, here's the rare Philosopher who was here yesterday.

Doct. Give him Entrance, and all depart.

Enter Charmante.

Char. Blest be those Stars, that first Conducted me to so much Worth and Vertue, you are their Darling, Sir, from whom they wear their brightest Lustre.
Your Fortune is establish'd, you are made, Sir.

Doct. Let me contain my Joy—— [*Keeping in an impatient Joy.*

——May I be worthy, Sir, to apprehend you?

Char. After long Searching, Watching, Fasting, Praying, and using all the vertuous means in Nature, whereby we solely do attain the highest Knowledge in Philosophy; it was resolv'd, by strong Intelligence ——you were the happy Sire of that Bright Nymph, that had effascinated, charm'd and conquer'd the mighty Emperor *Iredomozar*—— the Monarch of the Moon.

Doct. I am —undone with Joy! ruin'd with Transport—— [*Aside.*

——Can it—can it, Sir,——be possible—— [*Stifling his Joy, which breaks out.*

Char. Receive the Blessing, Sir, with moderation.

Doct. I do, Sir, I do.

Char. This very Night, by their great Art, they find
He will descend, and show himself in Glory.
An Honour, Sir, no Mortal has receiv'd
This sixty hundred years.

Doct. Hum—— Say you so, Sir? no Emperor ever descend this sixty hundred years? [*Looks sad.*

——Was I deceiv'd last night? [*Aside.*

Char. Oh! Yes, Sir, often in disguise, in several Shapes and Forms,

Forms, which did of old occasion so many Fabulous Tales of all the Shapes of *Jupiter*——but never in their proper Glory, Sir, as Emperors. This is an Honour only design'd to you.

Doct. And will his Grace——be here in Person, Sir?

[*Joyful.*

Char. In Person——and with him, a Man of mighty Quality, Sir,—— 'tis thought——the Prince of *Thunderland*—— but that's but whisper'd, Sir, in the Cabbal, and that he loves your Neece.

Doct. Miraculous? how this agrees with all I've seen and heard ——To Night, say you, Sir?

Char. So 'tis conjectur'd, Sir,——some of the Cabbalist—— are of opinion—— that last night there was some Sally from the Moon.

Doct. About what hour, Sir?

Char. The Meridian of the Night, Sir, about the hours of twelve or one, but who descended, or in what Shape, is yet uncertain.

Doct. This I believe, Sir.

Char. Why, Sir?

Doct. May I communicate a Secret of that Nature?

Char. To any of the Cabbalist, but none else.

Doct. Then know ——last night, my Daughter and my Neece were entertain'd by those illustrious Heroes.

Char. Who Sir? the Emperor and Prince his Cousin?

Doct. Most certain, Sir.

But whether they appear'd in solid Bodies, or Fantomical, is yet a Question, for at my unlucky approach, they all transform'd themselves into a Piece of Hangings.

Char. 'Tis frequent, Sir, their Shapes are numerous, and 'tis also in their Power to transform all they touch, by virtue of a certain Stone——they call the *Ebula*.

Doct. That wonderous *Ebula*, which *Gonzales* had?

Char. The same——by Virtue of which, all weight was taken from him, and then with ease the lofty Traveller flew from *Parnassus Hill*, and from *Hymettus Mount*, and high *Gerania*, and *Acrocorinthus*, thence to *Taygetus*, so to *Olympus* Top, from whence he had but one step to the Moon. Dizzy he grants he was.

Doct. No wonder, Sir, Oh happy great *Gonzales!*

Char. Your Vertue, Sir, will render you as happy——but I must hast——this Night prepare your Daughter and your Neece, and let your House be Dress'd, Perfum'd, and Clean.

Doct. It shall be all perform'd, Sir.

Char. Be modest, Sir, and humble in your Elevation, for nothing

thing shews the Wit so poor, as Wonder, nor Birth so mean, a Pride.

Doct. I humbly thank your Admonition, Sir, and shall, in all I can, struggle with Humane Frailty. [*Brings* Char. *to the Door bare. Ex.*

Enter Scaramouch *peeping at the other Door.*

Scar. So, so, all things go gloriously forward, but my own Amour, and there is no convincing this obstinate Woman, that 'twas that Rogue *Harlequin* in Disguise, that claim'd me; so that I cannot so much as come to deliver the young Ladies their Letters from their Lovers. I must get in with this damn'd Mistress of mine, or all our Plot will be spoil'd for want of Intelligence.

——Hum,—— The Devil does not use to fail me at a dead Lift. I must deliver these Letters, and I must have this Wench ——tho' but to be reveng'd on her for abusing me.——Let me see——she is resolv'd for the Apothecary or the Farmer. Well, say no more honest *Scaramouch*, thou shalt find a Friend at need of me—— and if I do not fit you with a Spouse, say that a Woman has out-witted me.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street, with the Town Gate, where an Officer stands with a Staff like a London *Constable.*

Enter Harlequin *riding in a Calash, comes through the Gate towards the Stage, dress'd like a Gentleman sitting in it. The Officer lays hold on his Horse.*

Officer. HOld, hold, Sir, you, I suppose, know the Customs that are due to this City of *Naples*, from all Persons that pass the Gates in Coach, Chariot, Calash, or *Sedge Voglant.*

Har. I am not ignorant of the Custom, Sir, but what's that to me?

Off. Not to you, Sir! why, what Privilege have you above the rest?

Har. Privilege, for what, Sir?

Off. Why, for paſſing, Sir, with any of the before named Carriages.

Har. Ar't mad? ——— Doſt not ſee I am a plain Baker, and this my Cart, that comes to carry Bread for the Vice-Roy's, and the Cities Uſe?——ha——

Off. Are you mad, Sir, to think I cannot ſee a Gentleman Farmer and a Calaſh, from a Baker and a Cart?

Har. Drunk by this Day——and ſo early too? Oh you're a ſpecial Officer; unhand my Horſe, Sirrah, or you ſhall pay for all the Damage you do me.

Off. Hey day! here's a fine Cheat upon the Vice-Roy; Sir, pay me, or I'll ſeize your Horſe.——— [Har. *ſtrikes him. They ſcuffle a little.*

———Nay, and you be ſo briſk, I'll call the Clerk from his Office.

Calls.——Mr. Clerk, Mr. Clerk. [*Goes to the Entrance to call the Clerk, the mean time* Har. *whips a Frock over himſelf, and puts down the hind part of the Chariot, and then 'tis a Cart.*

Enter Clerk.

Cler. What's the matter here?——

Off. Here's a Fellow, Sir, will perſwade me, his Calaſh is a Cart, and refuſes the Cuſtoms for paſſing the Gate.

Cler. A Calaſh —— Where? ——— I ſee only a Carter and his Cart. [*The Officer looks on him.*

Off. Ha,——What a Devil, was I blind?

Har. Mr. Clerk, I am a Baker, that come with Bread to ſell, and this Fellow here has ſtopt me this hour, and made me loſe the Sale of my Ware——and being Drunk, will out-face me I am a Farmer, and this Cart a Calaſh. ———

Cler. He's in an Error Friend, paſs on———

Har. No, Sir, I'll have ſatisfaction firſt, or the Vice-Roy, ſhall know how he's ſerv'd by Drunken Officers, that Nuiſance to a Civil Government.

Cler. What do you demand, Friend?

Har. Demand,——I demand a Crown, Sir.

Off. This is very hard——Mr. Clerk——If ever I ſaw in my Life, I thought I ſaw a Gentleman and a Calaſh.

Cler. Come, come, gratifie him, and ſee better hereafter.

Off. Here, Sir,——If I muſt, I muſt—— [*Gives him a Crown.*

Cler.

Cler. Pass on, Friend——— [*Ex. Clerk. Har. unseen, puts up the Back of his Calash, and whips off his Frock, and goes to drive on. The Officer looks on him, and stops him again.*

Off. Hum, I'll swear it is a Calash——Mr. Clerk, Mr. Clerk, come back, come back——— [*Runs out to call him. He changes as before.*

Enter Officer *and* Clerk.

——Come Sir, let your own Eyes convince you, Sir.———

Cler. Convince me, of what, you Sott?

Off. That this is a Gentleman, and that a——ha,——

[*Looks about on* Har.

Cler. Stark Drunk, Sirrah! if you trouble me at every Mistake of yours thus, you shall quit your Office.———

Off. I beg your Pardon, Sir, I am a little in Drink I confess, a little Blind and Mad——Sir,——This must be the Devil, that's certain. [*The Clerk goes out,* Har. *puts up his Calash again, and pulls off his Frock and drives out.*

———Well, now to my thinking, 'tis as plain a Calash again, as ever I saw in my Life, and yet I'm satisfy'd 'tis nothing but a Cart. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to the Doctors House.

The Hall.

Enter Scaramouch *in a Chair, which set down and open'd, on all sides, and on the top represents an Apothecaries Shop, the Inside being painted with Shelves and Rows of Pots and Bottles;* Scaramouch *sitting in it dress'd in Black, with a short black Cloak, a Ruff, and little Hat.*

Scar. THE Devil's in't, if either the Doctor, my Master, or *Mopsophil*, know me in this Disguise——And thus I may not only gain my Mistress, and out-wit *Harlequin*, but deliver the Ladies those Letters from their Lovers, which I took out of his Pocket this Morning, and who wou'd suspect an Apothecary for a Pimp?———Nor can the Jade *Mopsophil*, in Honour refuse a Person of my Gravity, and so well set up.———

[*Pointing to his Shop.*

——Hum

——Hum, the Doctor here first, this is not so well, but I'm prepar'd with Impudence for all Encounters.

Enter the Doctor. Scaramouch *Salutes him gravely.*

——Most Reverend Doctor *Baliardo*.—— [*Bows.*

Doct. Seignior—— [*Bows.*

Scar. I might, through great Pusillanimity, blush——to give you this Anxiety, did I not opine you were as Gracious as Communitive and Eminent; and tho' you have no Cognisance of me, your Humble Servant,——yet I have of you——you being so greatly fam'd for your Admirable Skill, both in Galenical and Paracelsian *Phenomena's*, and other approv'd Felicities in Vulnerary, Emeticks and purgative Experiences.

Doct. Seignior,——your Opinion honors me——a rare Man this.

Scar. And though I am at present busied in writing—— those few Observations I have accumulated in my Peregrinations, Sir, yet the Ambition I aspir'd to, of being an Ocular and Aurial Witness of your Singularity, made me trespass on your sublimer Affairs.

Doct. Seignior.——

Scar.—Besides a violent Inclination, Sir, of being initiated into the Denomination of your Learned Family, by the Conjugal Circumference of a Matrimonial Tye, with that singularly accomplish'd Person——Madam, the Governante of your Hostel.

Doct. Hum——A sweet-heart for *Mopsophil*! [*Aside.*

Scar. And if I may obtain your Condescension to my Hymenæal Propositions, I doubt not my Operation with the Fair One.

Doct. Seignior, she is much honour'd in the Overture, and my Abilities shall not be wanting to fix the Concord.

——But have you been a Traveller, Sir?

Scar. Without Circumlocution, Sir, I have seen all the Regions beneath the Sun and Moon.

Doct. Moon, Sir! You never travell'd thither, Sir?

Scar. Not in *Propria Persona*, *Seignior*, but by speculation, I have, and made most considerable Remarques on that incomparable *Terra Firma*, of which I have the compleatest Map in Christendom—— and which *Gonzales* himself omitted in his *Cosmographia* of the *Lunar Mundus*.

Doct. A Map of the *Lunar Mundus*, Sir! may I crave the Honour of seeing it?

Scar. You shall, Sir, together with the Map of *Terra Incognita*, a great Rarity, indeed, Sir.

Enter

Enter Bellemante.

Doct. Jewels, Sir, worth a Kings Ranſome.

Bell. Ha,——— What figure of a Thing have we here——— Bantering my Credulous Uncle?——— This muſt be ſome Scout ſent from our *Forlorn Hope*, to diſcover the Enemy, and bring in freſh Intelligence.——Hum,——— That Wink tipt me ſome Tidings, and ſhe deſerves not a good Look, who underſtands not the Language of the Eyes.——— Sir, Dinner's on the Table.

Doct. Let it wait, I am imploy'd——— [*She creeps to the other ſide of* Scaramouch, *who makes Signs with his Hand to her.*

Bell. Ha,———'tis ſo,——This fellow has ſome Novel for us, ſome Letters or Inſtructions, but how to get it——

[*As* Scar. *talks to the* Doctor, *he takes the Letters by degrees out of his Pocket, and unſeen gives 'em to* Bellemante *behind him.*

Doct. But this Map, Seignior; I proteſt you have fill'd me with Curioſity. Has it ſignify'd all things ſo exactly, ſay you?

Scar. Omitted nothing, Seignior, no City, Town, Village or Villa; no Caſtle, River, Bridge, Lake, Spring or Mineral.

Doct. Are any, Sir, of thoſe admirable Mineral Waters there, ſo frequent in our World?

Scar. In abundance, Sir, the Famous *Garamanteen*, a young *Italian*, Sir, lately come from thence, gives us an account of an excellent *Scaturigo*, that has lately made an Ebulation there, in great Reputation with the Lunary Ladies.

Doct. Indeed, Sir! be pleas'd Seignior, to ſolve me ſome Queries that may enode ſome apparences of the Virtue of the Water you ſpeak of.

Scar. Pox upon him, what Queſtions he asks——— but I muſt on——— Why, Sir, you muſt know,———the Tincture of this Water upon Stagnation, Ceruberates, and the *Crocus* upon the Stones Flaveces; this he obſerves—— to be, Sir, the Indication of a Generous Water.

Doct. Hum——— [*Gravely Nodding.*

Scar. Now, Sir, be pleas'd to obſerve the three Regions, if they be bright, without doubt *Mars* is powerful; if the middle Region or Camera be pallid, *Filia Solis* is breeding.

Doct. Hum.

Scar. And then the third Region, if the Fæces be volatil, the Birth will ſoon come in *Balneo*. This I obſerved alſo in the Laboratory of that Ingenious Chymiſt *Lyſidone*, and with much Pleaſure animadverted that Mineral of the ſame Zenith and Nader, of that

that now so famous Water in *England*, near that famous Metropolis, call'd *Islington*.

Doct. Seignior——

Scar. For, Sir, upon the Infusion, the Crows Head immediately procures the Seal of *Hermes*, and had not *Lac Virginis* been too soon luck'd up, I believe we might have seen the Consummation of *Malgetha*.

[Bellemante *having got her Letters, goes off. She makes Signs to him to stay a little. He Nods.*

Doct. Most likely, Sir.

Scar. But, Sir, this *Garamanteen* relates the strangest Operation of a Mineral in the Lunar World, that ever I heard of.

Doct. As how, I pray, Sir?

Scar. Why, Sir, a Water impregnated to a Circulation with *Femæ Materia*; upon my Honour, Sir, the strongest I ever drank of.

Doct. How, Sir! did you drink of it?

Scar. I only speak the words of *Garamanteen*, Sir.

——Pox on him, I shall be trapt. [*Aside.*

Doct. Cry Mercy, Sir,—— [*Bows.*

Scar. The Lunary Physicians, Sir, call it *Urinam Vulcani*, it Calibrates every ones Excrements more or less according to the Gradus of the Natural Calor.——To my Knowledge, Sir, a Smith of a very fiery Constitution, is grown very Opulent by drinking these Waters.

Doct. How Sir, grown Rich by drinking the Waters, and to your Knowledge?

Scar. The Devil's in my Tongue, to my Knowledge, Sir, for what a man of Honour relates, I may safely affirm.

Doct. Excuse me, Seignior,—— [*Puts off his Hat again gravely.*

Scar. For, Sir, conceive me how he grew Rich, since he drank those Waters he never buys any Iron, but hammers it out of *Stercus Proprius*.

Enter Bellemante *with a Billet.*

Bell. Sir, 'tis three a Clock and Dinner will be cold.——

[*Goes behind* Scaramouch, *and gives him the Note, and goes out.*

Doct. I come Sweet-heart; but this is wonderful.

Scar. Ay, Sir, and if at any time Nature be too infirm, and he prove Costive, he has no more to do, but to apply a Loadstone *ad Anum*.

Doct. Is't possible?

Scar.

Scar. Moſt true, Sir, and that facilitates the Journey *per Viſcera* ——— But I detain you, Sir, another time ——— Sir, ——— I will now only beg the Honor of a Word or two with the Governante, before I go. ———

Doct. Sir, ſhe ſhall wait on you, and I ſhall be proud of the Honour of your Converſation. ——— [*They bow. Exit* Doctor.

Enter to him Harlequin, *dreſs'd like a Farmer, as before.*

Har. Hum ——— What have we here, a Taylor, or a Tumbler?

Scar. Ha — Who's this? — Hum ——— What if it ſhou'd be the Farmer that the Doctor has promis'd *Mopſophil* to? My heart miſgives me [*They look at each other a while.*

Who wou'd you ſpeak with, Friend?

Har. This is, perhaps, my Rival, the Apothecary. ——— Speak with, Sir, why, what's that to you?

Scar. Have you Affairs with Seignior Doctor, Sir?

Har. It may be I have, it may be I have not. What then, Sir? ———

While they ſeem in angry Diſpute, Enter Mopſophil.

Mop. Seignior Doctor tells me I have a Lover waits me, ſure it muſt be the Farmer or the Apothecary. No matter which, ſo a Lover, that welcomeſt man alive. I am reſolv'd to take the firſt good Offer, tho' but in Revenge of *Harlequin* and *Scaramouch*, for putting Tricks upon me. ——— Ha, ——— Two of 'em!

Scar. My Miſtreſs here! [*They both Bow and Advance, both putting each other by.*

Mop. Hold Gentlemen, ——— do not worry me. Which of you wou'd ſpeak with me?

Both. I, I, I, Madam ———

Mop. Both of you?

Both. No, Madam, I, I.

Mop. If both Lovers, you are both welcome, but let's have fair Play, and take your turns to ſpeak.

Har. Ay, Seignior, 'tis moſt uncivil to interrupt me.

Scar. And diſingenious, Sir, to intrude on me.

[*Putting one another by.*

Mop. Let me then ſpeak firſt.

Har. I'm Dumb.

Scar. I Acquieſce.

Mop.

Mop. I was inform'd there was a Perſon here had Propoſitions of Marriage to make me.

Har. That's I, that's I——— [*Shoves* Scar. *away.*

Scar. And I attend to that conſequential *Finis.*

[*Shoves* Har. *away.*

Har. I know not what you mean by your *Finis*, Seignior, but I am come to offer my ſelf this Gentlewomans Servant, her Lover, her Husband, her Dog in a Halter, or any thing.

Scar. Him I pronounce a Poltroon, and an Ignominious Utenſil, that dares lay claim to the Renowned Lady of my *Primum Mobile*; that is, my beſt Affections.——— [*In Rage.*

Har. I fear not your hard Words, Sir, but dare aloud pronounce, if *Donna Mopſophil* like me, the Farmer, as well as I like her, 'tis a Match, and my Chariot is ready at the Gate to bear her off, d'ye ſee.———

Mop. Ah, how that Chariot pleads.—— [*Aſide.*

Scar. And I pronounce, that being intoxicated with the ſweet Eyes of this refulgent Lady, I come to tender her my nobleſt Particulars, Being already moſt advantageouſly ſet up with the circumſtantial Implements of my Occupation.

[*Points to the Shop.*

Mop. A City Apothecary, a moſt Gentile Calling ———. Which ſhall I chuſe?—— Seignior Apothecary, I'll not expoſtulate the Circumſtantial Reaſons that have occaſion'd me this Honour. ———

Scar. Incomparable Lady, the Elegancy of your Repertees moſt excellently denote the Profundity of your Capacity.

Har. What the Devil's all this? Good Mr. *Conjurer* ſtand by—— and don't fright the Gentlewoman with your Elegant Profondities.

[*Puts him by.*

Scar. How a Conjurer! I will chaſtiſe thy vulgar Ignorance, that yelips a Philoſopher a Conjurer. [*In Rage.*

Har. Loſophers!———Prethee, if thou bee'ſt a Man, ſpeak like a Man———then

Scar. Why, what do I ſpeak like? What do I ſpeak like?

Har. What do you ſpeak like——— why you ſpeak like a Wheel-Barrow.

Scar. How!———

Har. And how! [*They come up cloſe together at half Sword. Parry; ſtare on each other for a while, then put up and bow to each other civilly.*

Mop. Thats well Gentlemen, let's have all Peace, while I ſurvey you both, and ſee which likes me beſt.

[*She goes between 'em, and ſurveys 'em both, they making ridiculous Bows on both ſides, and Grimaces the while.*

——ha,

——ha,——now on my Conscience, my two foolish Lovers ——*Harlequin* and *Scaramouch*; how are my Hopes defeated? ——but Faith I'll fit you both. [*She views 'em both.*

Scar. So she's considering still, I shall be the happy Dog. [*Aside.*

Har. She's taking aim, she cannot chuse but like me best. [*Aside.*

Scar. Well, Madam, how does my Person propagate. [*Bowing and Smiling.*

Mop. Faith, Seignior, now I look better on you, I do not like your Phisnomy so well as your Intellects; you discovering some Circumstantial Symptoms that ever denote a Villainous Inconstancy.

Scar. Ah, you are pleas'd, Madam.——

Mop. You are mistaken, Seignior, I am displeas'd at your Grey Eyes, and Black Eye-brows and Beard, I never knew a Man with those Signs, true to his Mistris or his Friend. And I wou'd sooner wed that Scoundrel *Scaramouch*, that very civil Pimp, that meer pair of Chymical Bellows that blow the Doctors projecting-Fires, that Deputy-Urinal Shaker, that very Guzman of *Salamanca*, than a Fellow of your infallible *Signum Mallis*.

Har. Ha, he, ha,——you have your Answer, Seignior Friskin——and may shut up your Shop and be gone.——Ha, ha, ha.——

Sca. Hum, sure the Jade knows me—— [*Aside.*

Mop. And as for you, Seignior.

Har. Ha, Madam—— [*Bowing and Smiling.*

Mop. Those Lanthorn Jaws of yours, with that most villainous Sneer and Grin, and a certain fierce Air of your Eyes looks altogether most Fanatically——which with your notorious Whey Beard, are certain Signs of Knavery and Cowardice; therefore I'd rather wed that Spider *Harlequin*, that Sceleton Buffoon, that Ape of Man, that Jack of Lent, that very Top, that's of no use, but when 'tis whipt and lasht, that pitious Property I'd rather wed than thee.

Har. A very fair Declaration.——

Mop. You understand me——and so adieu sweet Glister-pipe, and Seignior dirty Boots, Ha, ha, ha.—— [*Runs out.*

[*They stand looking simply on each other, without speaking a while.*

Scar. That I shou'd not know that Rogue *Harlequin*. [*Aside.*

Har. That I shou'd take this Fool for a Physician. [*Aside.*

——How long have you commenc'd Apothecary, Seignior?

Scar. Ever since you turn'd Farmer.——Are not you a damn'd

Rogue to put these Tricks upon me, and most dishonourably break all Articles between us?

Har. Are not you a damn'd Son of a ——— something——— to break Articles with me?

Scar. No more Words, Sir, no more words, I find it must come to Action,———Draw.——— [*Draws.*

Har. Draw, so I can draw, Sir.——— [*Draws.*

They make a ridiculous cowardly Fight. Enter the Doctor, *which they seeing, come on with more Courage. He runs between 'em and with his Cane beats the Swords down.*

Doct. Hold——hold———What mean you, Gentlemen?

Scar. Let me go, Sir, I am provok'd beyond measure, Sir.

Doct. You must excuse me, Seignior——— [*Parlies with* Harlequin.

Scar. I dare not discover the fool for his Masters Sake, and it may spoil our intrigue anon; besides, he'll then discover me, and I shall be discarded for bantering the Doctor. [*Aside.*

———A Man of Honour to be so basely affronted here!——— [*The Doctor comes to appease* Scaramouch.

Har. Shou'd I discover this Rascal, he wou'd tell the Old Gentleman I was the same that attempted his House to day in Womens Cloths, and I shou'd be kick'd and beaten most unfatiably.

Scar. What, Seignior, for a man of Parts to be impos'd upon,——and whipt through the Lungs here———like a Mountebanks Zany for sham Cures——Mr. Doctor, I must tell you 'tis not Civil.

Doct. I am extreamly sorry for it, Sir,——and you shall see how I will have this fellow handled for the Affront to a Person of your Gravity, and in my House——Here *Pedro*,———

Enter Pedro.

———Take this intruder, or bring some of your Fellows hither, and toss him in a Blanket——— [*Ex.* Pedro Har. *going to creep away*, Scar. *holds him.*

Har. Hark ye, bring me off, or I'll discover all your Intrigue. [*Aside to him.*

Scar. Let me alone———

Doct. I'll warrant you some Rogue that has some Plot on my Neece and Daughter.———

Scar. No, no, Sir, he comes to impose the grossest Lye upon you that ever was heard of.

Enter

Enter Pedro *with others, with a Blanket. They put* Har. *into it, and toss him.*

Har. Hold, hold,———I'll confess all, rather than indure it.

Doct. Hold,——What will you confess, Sir?

[*He comes out. Makes sick Faces.*

Scar.——That he's the greatest Impostor in Nature. Wou'd you think it, Sir? he pretends to be no less than an Ambassador from the Emperor of the Moon, Sir———

Doct. Ha,—Ambassador from the Emperor of the Moon——

[*Pulls off his hat.*

Scar. Ay, Sir, thereupon I laugh'd, thereupon he grew angry,———I laugh'd at his Resentment, and thereupon we drew——and this was the high Quarrel, Sir.

Doct. Hum,—Ambassador from the Moon. [*Pauses.*

Scar. I have brought you off, manage him as well as you can.

Har. Brought me off, yes, out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire. Why, how the Devil shall I act an Ambassador? [*Aside.*

Doct. It must be so, for how shou'd either of these know I expected that Honour? [*He addresses him with profound Civility to* Har. Sir, if the Figure you make, approaching so near ours of this World, have made us commit any indecent Indignity to your high Character, you ought to pardon the Frailty of our Mortal Education and Ignorance, having never before been blest with the Descention of any from your World.———

Har. What the Devil shall I say now? [*Aside.*

———I confess, I am as you see by my Garb, Sir, a little *Incognito*, because the Publick Message I bring, is very private——— which is, that the mighty *Iredonozar*, Emperor of the Moon——— with his most worthy Brother, the Prince of *Thunderland*, intend to Sup with you to Night——Therefore be sure you get good Wine———Tho' by the way let me tell you, 'tis for the Sake of your Fair Daughter.

Scar. I'll leave the Rogue to his own Management.——— I presume by your whispering, Sir, you wou'd be private and humbly begging Pardon, take my Leave.

[*Ex.* Scaramouch.

Har. You have it Friend. Does your Neece and Daughter Drink, Sir?

Doct. Drink, Sir?

Har. Ay, Sir, Drink hard.

Doct. Do the Women of your World drink hard, Sir?

Har. According to their Quality, Sir, more or less; the greater the Quality, the more Profuse the Quantity.

Doll. Why that's just as 'tis here; but your Men of Quality, your States-men, Sir, I presume they are Sober, Learned and Wise.

Har. Faith, no, Sir, but they are, for the most part, what's as good, very Proud, and promising, Sir, most liberal of their Word to every fauning Suiter to purchase the state of long Attendance, and cringing as they pass; but the Devil of a Performance, without you get the Knack of bribing in the right Place and Time; but yet they all defy it, Sir.

Doll. Just, just as 'tis here.

——But pray Sir, How do these Great Men live with their Wives?

Har. Most Nobly, Sir; My Lord keeps his Coach, my Lady, hers; my Lord his Bed, my Lady hers; and very rarely see one another, unless they chance to meet in a Visit, in the *Park*, the *Mall*, the *Tour*, or at the *Basset-Table*, where they civilly Salute and part, he to his Mistriss she to play.

Doll. Good lack! just as 'tis here.

Har. ——Where, if she chance to lose her Money, rather than give out, she borrows of the next Amorous Coxcomb, who, from that Minute, hopes, and is sure to be paid again one way or other, the next kind Opportunity.

Doll. ——Just as 'tis here.

Har. As for the young Fellows that have Money, they have no Mercy upon their own Persons, but wearing Nature off as fast as they can, Swear, and Whore, and Drink, and Borrow as long as any Rooking Citizen will lend, till having dearly purchased the Heroick Title of a Bully or a Sharper, they live pity'd of their Friends, and despis'd by their Whores, and depart this Transitory World, diverse and sandry ways.

Doll. Just, just, as 'tis here.

Har. As for the Citizen, Sir, the Courtier lies with his Wife, he, in revenge, Cheats him of his Estate, till Rich enough to marry his Daughter to a Courtier, again give him all —— unless his Wives Over-Gallantry break him; and thus the World runs round.——

Doll. The very same 'tis here.——Is there no preferment, Sir, for Men of Parts and Merit?

Har. Parts, and Merit! What's that? a Livery, or the handsome tying a Crevat, for the great Men prefer none but their Footmen and Vallets.

Doll. By my Troth, just as 'tis here.

——Sir, I find you are a Person of most profound Intelligence ——under Favour, Sir,—— Are you a Native of the Moon or this World?——

Har. The Devils in him for hard Questions. ——I am a *Neapolitan*, Sir.

Doct. Sir, I Honour you; good luck, my Countryman, How got you to the Region of the Moon, Sir?

Har. —— A plaguy inquisitive old Fool ——— ——Why, Sir,——Pox on't, what shall I say?——— I being——one day in a musing Melancholy, walking be the Sea-side——there arose, Sir, a great Mist, by the Suns exhaling of the Vapours of the Earth, Sir.

Doct. Right, Sir.

Har. In this Fog or Mist, Sir, I was exhaled.

Doct. The Exhalations of the Sun, draw you to the Moon, Sir?

Har. I am condemn'd to the Blanket again.——— I say, Sir, I was exhal'd up, but in my way —— being too heavy, was dropt into the Sea.

Doct. How, Sir, into the Sea?

Har. The Sea, Sir, where the Emperors Fisher-man casting his Nets, drew me up, and took me for a strange and monstrous Fish, Sir,—— and as such, presented me to his Mightiness, ——who going to have me Spitchcock'd for his own eating.——

Doct. How, Sir, eating.——

Har. What did me I, Sir, (Life being sweet) but fell on my Knees, and besought his Gloriousness not to eat me, for I was no Fish but a Man; he ask'd me of what Country, I told him of *Naples*; whereupon the Emperor overjoy'd, ask'd me if I knew that most Reverend and most Learned Doctor *Baliardo*, and his fair Daughter. I told him I did: whereupon he made me his Bed-fellow, and the Confident to his Amour to Seigniora *Elaria*.

Doct. Bless me, Sir! how came the Emperor to know my Daughter?

Har. ——There he is again with his damn'd hard Questions.——Know her, Sir,—— Why—— you were walking abroad one day.——

Doct. My Daughter never goes abroad, Sir, farther than our Garden.——

Har. Ay, there it was indeed, Sir, ——and as his Highness was taking a Survey of this lower World——through a long Perspective, Sir,———he saw you and your Daughter and Neece, and from that very moment, fell most desperately in Love.——But hark——the sound of Timbrils, Kettle-Drums and Trumpets. ——The Emperor, Sir, is on his Way,—— prepare for his Reception.

[*A strange Noise is heard of Brass Kettles, and Pans, and Bells, and many tinkling things.*

Doct. I'm in a Rapture——— How shall I pay my Gratitude for

for this great Negotiation? ——— but as I may, I humbly offer, Sir. ———

[*Presents him with a Rich Ring and a Purse of Gold.*

Har. Sir, as an Honour done the Emperor, I take your Ring and Gold. I must go meet his Highness. ———

[*Takes Leave.*

Enter to him Scaramouch, *as himself.*

Scar. Oh, Sir! we are astonish'd with the dreadful sound of the sweetest Musick that ever Mortal heard, but know not whence it comes. Have you not heard it, Sir?

Doct. Heard it, yes, Fool, ——— 'Tis the Musick of the Spheres, the Emperor of the Moon World is descending.

Scar. How, Sir, no marvel then, that looking towards the South, I saw such splendid Glories in the Air.

Doct. Ha, ——— saw'st thou ought descending in the Air?

Scar. Oh, yes, Sir, Wonders! hast to the old Gallery, whence, with the help of your Telescope, you may discover all. ———

Doct. I won'd not lose a moment for the lower Universe.

Enter Elaria, Bellemante, Mopsophil, *dress'd in rich Antick Habits.*

Ela. Sir, we are dress'd as you commanded us, What is your farther Pleasure?

Doct. ——— It well becomes the Honour you're design'd for, this Night to wed two Princes ——— come with me and know your happy Fates.

[*Ex.* Doctor *and* Scar.

Ela. Bless me! My Father, in all the rest of his Discourse, shows so much Sense and Reason, I cannot think him mad, but feigns all this to try us.

Bell. Not Mad! Marry Heaven forbid, thou art always creating Fears to startle one; why if he be not mad his want of Sleep this eight and forty hours, the Noise of strange unheard of Instruments, with the Fantastick Splendor of the unusual Sight, will so turn his Brain and dazle him, that in Grace of Goodness, he may be Mad: If he be not; ——— come let's after him to the Gallery, for I long to see in what showing Equipage our Princely Lovers will address to us.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE The Laſt.

The Gallery richly adorn'd with Scenes and Lights.

Enter Doctor, Elaria, Bellemante, *and* Mopſophil. *Soft Muſick is heard.*

Bell. HA——Heavens! what's here?——what Palace is this?——No part of our Houſe, I'm ſure——

Ela. 'Tis rather the Apartment of ſome Monarch.

Doct. I'm all amazement too, but muſt not ſhow my Ignorance.——Yes, *Elaria*, this is prepar'd to entertain two Princes.

Bell. Are you ſure on't, Sir? are we not, think you, in that World above, I often heard you ſpeak of? in the Moon, Sir?

Doct. How ſhall I reſolve her?——For ought I know, we are. [*Aſide.*

Ela. Sure, Sir, 'tis ſome Inchantment.

Doct. Let not thy Female Ignorance prophane the higheſt Myſteries of Natural Philoſophy: To fools it ſeems Inchantment——but I've a Senſe can reach it,——ſit and expect the Event.——Hark——I am amaz'd, but muſt conceal my Wonder——that Joy of Fools——and appear wiſe in Gravity.

Bell. whence comes this charming Sound, Sir?

Doct. From the Spheres——it is familiar to me.

The Scene in the Front draws off, and ſhews the Hill of Parnaſſus; *a noble large Walk of Trees leading to it, with eight or ten Negroes upon Pedeſtals, rang'd on each ſide of the Walks. Next* Kepler *and* Galileus *deſcend on each ſide, oppoſite to each other, in Chariots, with Perſpectives in their Hands, as viewing the Machine of the Zodiack. Soft Muſick plays ſtill.*

Doct. Methought I ſaw the Figure of two Men deſcend from yonder Cloud, on yonder Hill.

Ela. I thought ſo too, but they are diſappear'd, and the wing'd Chariot's fled.

Enter

Enter Kepler *and* Galileus.

Bell. See, Sir, they approach.—— [*The Doctor rises, and Bows.*

Kep. Most Reverend Sir, we from the upper World thus low salute you.——*Kepler* and *Galileus* we are call'd, sent as Interpreters to Great *Iredonozar*, the Emperor of the Moon, who is descending.

Doct. Most Reverend Bards——profound Philosophers ——thus low I bow to pay my humble Gratitude.

Kep. The Emperor, Sir, Salutes you, and your fair Daughter.

Gal. And, Sir, the Prince of *Thunderland* salutes you and your fair Neece.

Doct. Thus low I fall to thank their Royal Goodness.

[*Kneels. They take him up.*

Bell. Came you, most Reverend Bards, from the Moon World?

Kep. Most Lovely Maid, we did.

Doct. May I presume to ask the manner how?

Kep. By Cloud, Sir, through the Regions of the Air, down to the fam'd *Parnassus*; thence by Water, along the River *Helicon*, the rest by Post, upon two wing'd Eagles.

Doct. Sir, are there store of our World inhabiting the Moon?

Kep. Oh, of all Nations, Sir, that lie beneath it in the Emperors Train! Sir, you will behold abundance; look up and see the Orbal World descending; observe the Zodiack, Sir, with her twelve Signs.

[*Next the Zodiack descends, a Symphony playing all the while; when it is landed, it delivers the twelve Signs: Then the Sing, the Persons of the Zodiack being the Singers. After which, the Negroes Dance and mingle in the* Chorus.

A Song for the Zodiack.

LET murmuring Lovers no longer Repine,
But their Hearts and their Voices advance;
Let the Nymphs and the Swains in the kind Chorus joyn,
And the Satyrs and Fauns in a Dance.
Let nature put on her Beauty of May,
And the Fields and the Meadows adorn;
Let the Woods and the Mountains resound with the Joy,
And the Echoes their Triumph return.

Chorus.

Chorus.

For since Love wore his Darts,
And Virgins grew Coy;
Since these wounded Hearts,
And those cou'd destroy,
There ne'er was more Cause for your Triumphs and Joy.

Hark, hark, the Musick of the Spheres,
Some Wonder approaching declares;
Such, such, as has not blest your Eyes and Ears
This, thousand, thousand, thousand years.
See, see what the Force of Love can make,
Who rules in Heaven, in Earth and Sea;
Behold how he commands the Zodiack,
While the fixt Signs unhinging all obey.
Not one of which, but represents
The Attributes of Love,
Who governs all the Elements
In Harmony above.

Chorus.

For since Love wore his Darts,
And Virgins grew Coy,
Since these wounded Hearts,
And those cou'd destroy,
There ne'er was more Cause for your Triumphs and Joy.

The wanton Aries *first descends,*
To show the Vigor and the Play,
Beginning Love, beginning Love attends,
When the young Passion is all over Joy,
He bleats his soft Pain to the fair curled Throng,
And he leaps, and he bounds, and Loves all the day long.

At once Loves Courage and his Slavery
In Taurus *is express'd,*
Tho' o'er the Plains he Conqueror be,
The Generous Beast
Does to the Yoke submit his Noble Breast,
While Gemini *smiling and twining of Arms,*
Shows Loves soft Indearments and Charms,

And Cancer's *slow Motion the degrees do expreſs,*
Reſpectful Love arrives to happineſs.
Leo *his ſtrength and Majeſty,*
Virgo *his bluſhing Modeſty,*
And Libra *all his Equity.*
His Subtilty does Scorpio *ſhow,*
And Sagittarus *all his looſe deſire,*
By Capricorn *his forward Humour know,*
And Aqua. *Lover's Tears that raiſe his Fire,*
While Piſces, *which in wind do move,*
Show the ſoft Play, and wanton Arts of Love.

Chorus.

For ſince Love wore his Darts,
And Virgins grew Coy;
Since theſe wounded Hearts,
And thoſe cou'd deſtroy,
There ne'er was more Cauſe for your Triumphs and Joy.

——See how ſhe turns, and ſends her Signs to Earth. —— Behold the Ram—— *Aries*——ſee *Taurus* next deſcends; then *Gemini*——ſee how the Boys embrace. —— Next *Cancer*, then *Leo*, then the *Virgin*; next to her *Libra*—— *Scorpio*, *Sagittary*, *Capricorn*, *Aquarius*, —— *Piſces*. This eight thouſand years no Emperor has deſcended, but *Incognito*, but when he does to make his Journey more Magnificent, the Zodiack, Sir, attends him.

Doct. 'Tis all amazing, Sir.

Kep. Now, Sir, behold, the Globick World deſcends two thouſand Leagues below its wonted Station, to ſhow Obedience to its proper Monarch.

[*After which, the Globe of the Moon appears, firſt, like a new Moon, as it moves forward it increaſes, till it comes to the Full. When it is deſcended, it opens, and ſhews the Emperor and the Prince. They come forth with all their Train, the Flutes playing a Symphony before him, which prepares the Song. Which ended, the Dancers mingle as before.*

A SONG.

ALL Joy to Mortals, Joy and Mirth
Eternal IO's sing;
The Gods of Love descend to Earth,
Their Darts have lost the Sting.
The Youth shall now complain no more
On Silvia's *needless Scorn,*
But she shall love, if he adore,
And melt when he shall burn.

The Nymph no longer shall be shy,
But leave the jilting Road;
And Daphne *now no more shall fly*
The wounded panting God;
But all shall be serene and fair,
No sad Complaints of Love
Shall fill the Gentle whispering Air,
No echoing Sighs the Grove.

Beneath the Shades young Strephon *lies,*
Of all his Wish possess'd;
Gazing on Silvia's *charming Eyes,*
Whose Soul is there confess'd.
All soft and sweet the Maid appears,
With Looks that know no Art,
And though she yields with trembling Fears,
She yields with all her Heart.

———See, Sir, the Cloud of Foreigners appears, *French, Englisb, Spaniards, Danes, Turks, Russians, Indians,* and the nearer Climes of Christendom; and lastly, Sir, behold the mighty Emperor.———

[*A Chariot appears, made like a Half Moon, in which is* Cinthio *for the Emperor, richly dress'd and,* Charmante *for the Prince, rich, with a good many Heroes attending.* Cinthio's *Train born by four Cupids. The Song continues while they descend and land. They address themselves to* Elaria *and* Bellemante.——*Doctor falls on his Face, the rest bow very low as they pass. They make signs to* Kepler.

Kep. The Emperor wou'd have you rise, Sir, he will expect no Ceremony from the Father of his Mistriss. [*Takes him up.*

Doct. I cannot, Sir, behold his Mightineſs——— the Splendor of his Majeſty confounds me———

Kep. You muſt be moderate, Sir, it is expected.

[*The two Lovers make all the Signs of Love in dumb ſhow to the Ladies, while the ſoft Muſick plays again from the End of the Song.*

Doct. Shall I not have the Joy to hear their Heavenly Voices, Sir?

Kep. They never ſpeak to any Subject, Sir, when they appear in Royalty, but by Interpreters, and that by way of Stentraphon, in manner of the Delphick Oracles.

Doct. Any way, ſo I may hear the Sence of what they wou'd ſay.

Kep. No doubt you will——— But ſee the Emperor commands by ſigns his Foreigners to dance———

[*Soft Muſick changes.*

[*A very Antick Dance. The Dance ended, the Front Scene draws off, and ſhows a Temple, with an Altar, one ſpeaking through a Stentraphon from behind it. Soft Muſick plays the while.*

Kep. Moſt Learned Sir, the Emperor now is going to declare himſelf, according to his Cuſtom, to his Subjects. Liſten.———

Sten. Moſt Reverend Sir, whoſe Vertue did incite us,
Whoſe Daughters Charms did more invite us;
We come to grace her with that Honour,
That never Mortal yet had done her.
Once only *Jove* was known in Story,
To viſit *Semele* in Glory.
But fatal 'twas, he ſo enjoy'd her;
Her own ambitious Flame deſtroy'd her.
His Charms too fierce for Fleſh and Blood,
She dy'd embracing of her God.
We gentler marks of Paſſion give,
The Maid we love, ſhall love and live;
Whom viſibly we thus will grace,
Above the reſt of humane Race.
Say, is't your Will that we ſhou'd Wed her,
And nightly in Diſguiſes Bed her.

Doct. The Glory is too great for Mortal Wife.

[*Kneels with Tranſport.*

Sten. What then remains, but that we conſummate
This happy Marriage in our ſplendid State?

Doct. Thus low I kneel, in thanks for this great Bleſſing.

[Cinthio

[Cinthio *takes* Elaria *by the Hand*; Charmante Bellemante; *two of the Singers in white being Priests, they lead 'em to the Altar, the whole Company dividing on either side. Where, while a Hymeneal Song is sung, the Priest joins their Hands. The Song ended, and they Marry'd, they come forth; but before they come forward,* ——— *two Chariots descend, one on one side above, and the other on the other side; in which is* Harlequin *dress'd like a Mock Herd, with others, and* Scaramouch *in the other, dress'd so in Helmets.*

Scar. Stay mighty Emperor, and vouchsafe to be the Umpire of our Difference. [Cinthio *makes signs to* Kepler.

Kep. What are you?

Scar. Two neighbouring Princes to your vast Dominion.

Har. Knights of the Sun, our Honourable Titles.

And fight for that fair Mortal, *Mopsophil.*

Mop. Bless us! ——— my two precious Lovers, I'll warrant; well, I had better take up with one of them, than lie alone to Night.

Scar. Long as two Rivals have we Lov'd and Hop'd,
Both equally endeavour'd, and both fail'd;
At last by joint Consent, we both agreed
To try our Titles by the Dint of Lance,
And chose your Mightiness for Arbitrator.

Kep. The Emperor gives Consent. ———

[*They both, all arm'd with gilded Lances and Shields of Black, with Golden Suns painted. The Musick plays a fighting Tune. They fight at Barriers, to the Time.* ——— Harlequin *is often Foil'd, but advances still; at last* Scaramouch *throws him, and is Conqueror; all give Judgment for him.*

Kep. The Emperor pronounces you are Victor. ——— [*To* Scar.

Doct. Receive your Mistress, Sir, as the Reward of your undoubted Valour. ——— [*Presents* Mopsophil.

Scar. Your humble Servant, Sir, and *Scaramouch*, returns you humble thanks. ——— [*Puts off his Helmet.*

Doct. Ha, ——— *Scaramouch* ——— [*Bawls out, and falls in a Chair. They all go to him.*

My Heart misgives me ——— Oh, I am undone and cheated every way. ——— [*Bawling out.*

Kep. Be patient, Sir, and call up all your Vertue,
You're only cur'd, Sir, of a Disease
That long has raign'd over your Nobler Faculties.
Sir, I am your Physician, Friend and Counsellor;
It was not in the Power of Herbs or Minerals,

Of

Of Reason, common Sense, and right Religion,
To draw you from an Error that unmans'd you.

Doll. I will be Patient, Gentlemen, and hear you.
——Are not you *Ferdinand*?

Key. I am, —— and these are Gentlemen of Quality,
That long have lov'd your Daughter and your Neece.
Don Charles this, and this, *Don Chrisoms*,
The *Vice Roys* Nephews, both. ——
Who found, as men —— 't was impossible to enjoy 'em,
And therefore try'd this Stratagem. ——

Cin. Sir, I beseech you, mitigate your Grief,
Altho' indeed we are but mortal men,
Yet we shall Love you, —— Serve you, and obey you. ——

Doll. Are not you then the Emperor of the Moon?
And you the Prince of *Thunderland*?

Cin. There's no such Person, Sir.
These Stories are the Fantoms of mad Brains,
To puzzle Fools withal —— the Wise laugh at 'em; ——
——Come Sir, you shall no longer be impos'd upon.

Doll. No Emperor of the Moon, —— and no Moon World?

Char. Ridiculous Inventions.
If we'd not lov'd you, you'd been still impos'd on;
We had brought a Scandal on your Learned Name,
And all succeeding Ages had despis'd it. [*He leaps up.*

Doll. Burn all my Books, and let my Study Blaze,
Burn all to Ashes, and be lost to the Wind
Scatter the vile Contageous Monstrous Lyes.
——Most Noble Youths —— you've honour'd me with your Alliance, and you, and all your Friends, Assistances in this Glorious Miracle, I invite to Night to revel with me. —— Come all and see my happy Recantation of all the Follies, Fables, have inspir'd till now. Be pleasant to repeat your Story, to tell me by what kind degrees you Cozen'd me ——
I see there's nothing in Philosophy —— [*Gravely to himself.*
Of all that writ, he was the wisest Bard, who spoke this mighty Truth. ——

"He that knew all that ever Learning writ,
"Knew only this —— that he knew nothing yet.

EPI.

EPILOGUE.

To be ſpoken by Mrs. *Cook*.

With our old Plays, as with dull Wife it fares,
To whom you have been marry'd tedious years.
You Cry —— She's wonderous good, it is confeſs'd,
But ſtill 'tis Chapon Boüillé *at the beſt;*
That conſtant Diſh can never make a Feaſt:
Yet the pall'd Pleaſure you muſt ſtill purſue,
You give ſo ſmall encouragement for new;
And who wou'd drudge for ſuch a wretched Age,
Who want the Bravery, to ſupport one Stage?
The wiſer Wits have now new Meaſures ſet,
And taken up new Trades, that they may Eat;
No more your nice fantaſtick pleaſures ſerve,
Your Pimps you pay, but let your Poets ſtarve.
They long in vain for better Uſage hop'd,
Till quite undone and tir'd, they dropt and dropt;
Not one is left will write for thin third day,
Like deſperate Pickeroons, no Prize no Pay;
And when they've done their beſt, the Recompence,
Is, Dam the Sot, his Play wants common Sence.
Ill natur'd Wits, who can ſo ill requite
The Drudging Slaves, who for your Pleaſure write.
Look back on flouriſhing Rome, *ye proud Ingrates,*
And ſee how ſhe her thriving Poets treats:
Wiſely ſhe priz'd 'em at the nobleſt Rate,
As neceſſary Miniſters of State,
And contributions rais'd to make 'em great.
They from the publick Bank ſhe did maintain,
And freed from want, they only writ for Fame;

And

And were as useful in a City held,
As formidable Armies in the Field.
They but a Conquest over men pursu'd,
While these by gentler force the Soul subdu'd.
Not Rome in all her happiest Pomp cou'd show
A greater Cæsar than we boast of now;
Augustus Reigns, but Poets still are low.
May Cæsar live, and while his Mighty Hand
Is Scattering Plenty over all the Land;
With God-like Bounty recompencing all,
Some fruitful drops may on the Muses fall;
Since honest Pens do his just cause afford
Equal Advantage with the useful Sword.

FINIS.